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## SOCIAL TYRANNY OF PROTESTANTISM.

IN an article which we published last month, we asserted that the Protestant society of England had always kept up its intolerance, in regard to us, to a point which approaches persecution; and we reserved for another occasion the instances of this social tyranny which had fallen under our notice. The present seems to be a good opportunity for redeeming our pledge; for since that article was printed, an exhibition of English fanaticism has occurred which may possibly cause liberal minds to realise to themselves the fact of our social oppression. We have now many fellow-sufferers; we are not now the only reprobates, nor the only persons whose eyes and ears are assailed with the "lamentation and mourning and woe" of the "truly pious" over their reprobate ungodliness. The refined and intellectual classes of England are now suffering a similar disaster: attacked by a grand confederation of all the Ebenezers, Zions, and Caves of Adullam in the kingdom, they are compelled to don the white tie and gaiters on Sundays, to elongate their Sabbath visages, and to pocket the affront of a wooden welcome from the closed doors of museums and galleries, parks and gardens, crystal palaces and concert-rooms.

Doubtless the liberal minds in question feel all this much more acutely than we do: we are used to our fetters; but they, whose ideas are but lately emancipated from sabbatarian thralldom, are only just waking to their state of servitude. They are only now discovering that their "fanatical gaolers are setting up first one bar, then another; closing first this opening, then that; riveting chain after chain, and darkening light after light, till the poor flocks find themselves prisoners, though outwardly free." Such a state of things, we repeat, gives us an excellent opportunity for stating our own grievances. Up to this time, whenever we have had to complain of our treatment in society, we have

found all parties leagued together against us. The gentlemanly liberal Englishman was selected to answer for his offending members; the hand of society might have smitten us, or its foot have kicked us, but the head assured us that nothing had been done to us: it was one that acted, and another that spoke, and the speaker took upon himself to answer for the actor. Whatever differences there might have been in society, it was united against us; all its component parts were ready to defend one another against our attacks, and to discredit our accusations. When we complained, the Broad-Church party would totally forget its bickerings with its Evangelical rival, and the two would amalgamate to gag our mouth. Insult would be added to injury: our poor children perhaps had been kidnapped, our priests shut out from hospitals, workhouses, and prisons; the parson sent to torture the soul of the dying pauper; the child taught to curse the religion of its parents; or our windows had been broken by parish schoolboys fresh from the fervent exhortations of their minister, our wives hooted at and insulted; we had been pointed at as apostates, preached at by name, talked against at meetings; old stories had been raked up for our dishonour, or new ones invented; our motives were canvassed and condemned, our persons held up to execration and ridicule;—and then, if we lifted up our voices to complain of this state of things, we gained nothing but a Jobation from the eloquent defenders of the British constitution, who would assure us that we were mistaken in our facts, that we enjoyed perfect liberty, that British juries were wise and honest, British judges unimpeachable, the British Lion an honourable beast that never took a mean advantage of any one, and we ourselves disappointed revolutionists who grumbled at every thing.

We could easily imagine how such an orator, after reading some querulous article in one of our weekly organs, which complained of some of these “petty” annoyances, and dignified them with the name of persecution, would become really angry with us, and would demand of us—“How is it that you Catholics are never contented with your position in England? that you are always seeking for change, always thinking that *our* danger is *your* opportunity, always rejoicing in our small failures, as if they were judgments upon us for our treatment of you? How is it that, in the present war, you seem to feel satisfaction rather than sorrow that France has secured the praise, and Austria the pudding, while your own country and Sardinia are sent empty away, or loaded only with debt? How is it that you look hopefully towards a Catholic league in which France and Austria would exert paramount influence,



that you prognosticate good to your Church from the hostility between England and the United States, or Prussia? In a word, that you rather invite than deprecate such political combinations as will set bars to the furtherance of English interests, and will tend to lower her influence over the affairs of the world? That such sentiments exist in you is evident to all who have intercourse with you, or who study your writings; they exist, however much they may be counterbalanced in moments of excitement by the spontaneous flashes of national feeling, which arise only as passions, soon to yield to the uniform tenor of your ecclesiastical principles. But are such sentiments either commendable in you, or just to us? You are not persecuted; you are as secure of your personal liberty and rights as any other people; you pay no more taxes than your neighbours; you have the same freedom of speech, the same license to expose your grievances, the same rights and opportunities of gaining riches and honours, the same means of enjoying them when gained, as we have. In these respects you are much better off than your co-religionists in Catholic states, where there is less security for person or property, more exercise of arbitrary power, a more intrusive inquiry into opinions and practices, and a weak government with its long train of irritating abuses. What have you to complain of in your position, that you are always looking forward to something new, anticipating the results of novel complications, and carefully meting out your sympathy with our successes by the measure of their probable influence on your sectarian advancement and on the interests of your priesthood?

“Even as to your religious status, you must, when returning from foreign parts, feel that you are much better off here than elsewhere. Take it only on the ground that where there is absolute freedom of discussion truth must prevail at last, and that such freedom is requisite to keep truth pure from the gradual admixture of prejudice and error,—even in this respect Catholicity in England and America ought to have a more hopeful future before it than in countries where there is less constitutional liberty. One of your most esteemed writers, Ludovicus Vives, asks, ‘*Si nihil est nostrâ religione verius, quid rationes reformidamus?*’ Why, indeed! If your religion is the truth, why do you fear argument? Why not gladly admit with the apostle the necessity of heresies, in order to prove who are really faithful among you? Why object to this continual purification, this ceaseless winnowing? Why not accept it gladly, with all its advantages and disadvantages? Why be so savage at our abuse of you, when you have perfect right to abuse us in turn? That we at present constitute the majo-

rity, and consequently have the command of all the great organs of public opinion, from which we naturally exclude all that is offensive to popular feeling, is an accident of our present position, which may be changed in time: you may become the dominant party, and then doubtless you will treat us in the same way, or worse; you will probably behave towards us as your Lombard bishops behave to their flocks. It is matter of congratulation for you as much as for us that here there can be no reverend interferers with your liberty; no wiseacres to dictate to you the exact extent and depth of the deluge; to interdict books because they assert some fact or other about fossils which is inconsistent with such a definition; to dogmatise on each successive scientific theory or discovery; to clip down all political speculation and information to a proper medium, to cook it to the requisite insipidity; to expunge carefully all humour, or satire, or eloquence, or expression of indignation, which might by any possibility tend to produce a paroxysm of the low fever of your brain; to watch over your health and diet as Dr. Pedro Rezio de Agüero did over that of Sancho Panza; to persevere in preventing your expression of opinion till you are absolutely tired of having any; to be so fidgety about your acquiring certain details and branches of knowledge as at last to disgust you with all knowledge; to cram you with facts, but to proscribe opinions; to keep you childlike in innocence and simplicity, and childish in ignorance and impertinence. In this country you need not fear such proceedings; for you know that you have us, with our unsophisticated common sense and English love of liberty and hatred of compulsion, as judges and defenders, to whom you may appeal against yourselves—against your Archbishops of Vienna or Milan, and your Patriarchs of Venice. Only imagine what you might come to if it were not for our careful and unwearyed superintendence over your interests! Except your rulers were deterred by the fear of our scorn, have you ever thought what would be the probable condition of a poor solitary Catholic, by chance cast into the society of eleven educated men, all of whom were well up in the topics of the day, had read the *Times*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, the *Examiner*, while the unhappy unit was confined by doctor's orders to invalid diet, to the *Weakly Reporter* (a journal conducted in the sense of the Council of Trent and of *Eymericus' Directorium*, by three priests appointed by the synod of Oscott to provide and manufacture Catholic news), to the *Bally-Blarney Review*, the *Leaser*, and the *Lantern*?"

Three months ago there would have been no possibility of insinuating an answer to any part of such a philippic into the



ears or brain of the liberal Englishman. Conscious of his own theory of the rights of all men,—conscious too of a certain latitudinarian indifference to dogmas of all kinds, he judged his countrymen by himself, and would never be convinced by any conceivable arguments that they also acted towards us on the same principles which so much move their indignation when used against their own party in Lombardy, Tuscany, or Austria. It is not a peculiarity of the Catholic Church, it is a characteristic of humanity, violently to force its own dogmas and opinions upon reluctant auditors. The Englishman, the Anglican Church, the English sects, have been no exceptions to the general rule; and if latterly their interference has not been very grievous, this is only to be attributed to the paucity of the doctrines on which they are agreed, and which they can consequently, in their corporate capacity, conspire to impose upon recalcitrant consciences. The English religion, when it first became a purely national matter, comprehended many dogmas. All these were originally enforced upon every one who wished to enjoy the full privileges of a Briton; as dogma after dogma faded away from the horizon of the national faith, test after test, disability after disability, penalty after penalty, was successively repealed, till now nothing of the kind remains in the statute-book but an enforcement of sabbatarianism and Bible-worship, and a general disavowal of Popery; for in these three particulars is contained all that is left of the “common Protestantism” of England. It has come to be so simple a system, so low an organism, so utterly wanting in complexity of parts, that it has ceased to be the Briarean polypus it once was, its arms lying across every road, and interrupting every excursion; so many of its prehensile limbs have been lopped away, that it is now a comparatively rare thing to find one of them in the way; people go on peaceably enough wherever their inclination leads them, and experience no opposition from Anglicanism; and so come to regard her as a goodnatured jolly old soul, that lets every man do as he likes without protest or prevention. Thus people become quite incredulous if a Catholic, who has been less lucky, complains of the treatment which he has received at her arms; he may exhibit his wounds and bring his witnesses, but she appeals to her known character for moderation, and he is laughed or hissed out of court. Now, however, the case is different; English society has set out for an excursion on a path across which one of the few remaining arms of the polypus is still lying, and has been brought to a stand by its threatening attitude. English society can now judge from its own bitter experience whether Protestantism does or does not claim the right of enforcing its



own private interpretations, its own beliefs and opinions, on persons who dissent from its conclusions.

The right of the legislature to enforce sabbatarian observance of the Sunday has been abundantly discussed in Protestant circles for several years past; and the result seems to be, an opinion that this right can only be maintained on the principle of the duty of the magistrate to enforce the true religion, or what he considers to be so, on the subject. Now, as in England the majority of the nation is the ultimate legislative authority, this principle amounts in reality to an assertion of the duty of this majority to force their opinions (if they can agree in any) upon the minority. It is true that some writers, like Dr. Wardlaw, have tried to avoid this attribution of Papal or caliph-like power to the magistrate, by maintaining that the Sabbath has a twofold aspect, a secular and a sacred; and that the legislature, though precluded from enforcing its observance on sacred grounds, may, on purely secular grounds, enforce it so far as to prohibit all traffic, to secure from all unnecessary annoyance and interruption those who choose to devote the day to religious service, and to regulate the amusements of the people so as to prevent all noisy and obtrusive modes of recreation. But the futility of these grounds, and the inconclusive character of these reasonings, have been abundantly demonstrated by Dr. Wardlaw's co-religionists. They have shown, that if the magistrate can only meddle with the secular bearings of the Sabbath (that is, its advantages to the health of the community), he has clearly no right to make the infraction of it a crime to be repressed by penalties, any more than the omission to call in a doctor when a man is ill, or neglecting to take the medicines he prescribes; and moreover, on the same grounds, it is clearly a mere piece of tyranny to dictate to the people within what limits their amusements are to be kept, so long as they do no injury to person or property.

As to the protection of those who choose to spend the day in religious exercises, the principle applies not only to Sundays but to all days of the week; not only to meetings for worship, but to cricket-clubs, debating-societies, in a word to every collection of persons met together peaceably for lawful purposes, every one of which is entitled to the full protection of the law. Nothing is clearer, say these Protestant authorities, than that if you abstract the sacred or religiously-imperative character of the Sabbath, you must place it legislatively on the same level with the Queen's birthday, or any other civil holiday; and in that case all the legislature can do is to shut up public offices, to make the day vacant, and to leave the com-

munity to observe it or not as they please, and how they please. When the magistrate, standing on purely secular grounds, attempts to do more, no wonder that the people should rebel; their common sense tells them that his reasoning is unsound, that his conclusion does not follow from his premises; and they denounce his interference as absurd, tyrannous, and unjust. If the men of Kent choose to challenge all England to a cricket-match next Sunday, or if Hodge or Stubbs thinks nothing so refreshing, after a hard week's work, as his Sunday game at bowls or skittles; or if the cockney Mrs. Smith, with her marriageable daughters, is of opinion that nothing combines the *utile* with the *dulce* so perfectly as a Sunday visit to the Crystal Palace, to the Zoological Gardens, to Cremorne or Vauxhall, how can the magistrate step in and say, that though the day is appointed as one of amusement and relaxation, yet these are not the amusements to be sought, simply because they may be had on other days? Why should he be only like the sulky drunken father, or the brutal schoolmaster, whose only instruction is, "Don't do this or that," and who can only treat children as wild-beasts shut up in cages, till in mental condition they become so? Such sort of legislation only stultifies the legislator. Either the magistrate, as Protestants confess, must not meddle with "Sabbath observance" at all, or he must take his stand on the religious obligation of it. And when he has once done this, he is committed to the principle of civil interference with religion; the liberal majority of the House of Commons, who refused to open the Museum on Sundays, have in principle done the same thing as the Spanish king who instituted the Inquisition: they have affirmed and legalised a tribunal to seek out and punish offences, not against the natural law, not against the moral constitution of society, but against the ruler's private interpretation of a disputed precept of the Judaical law. What would be thought of the Catholic majority in Ireland if they made a *razzia* on all butchers' shops that were open on Fridays? What more right has the English majority to enforce on us its rabbinical glosses, and to close against us on Sundays places of amusement, which, considering the dangers of the gin-shop, may almost be considered necessary for the moral and physical health of our people?

If the Englishman had any sense of shame, he might be moved by the sneers of his European co-religionists—by Heinrich Heyne's pungent description of Englishmen as "miserable automata, machines whose motive-power is egoism; within whom may be heard the whizzing wheelwork by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray: their praying, their



mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt prayer-book under their arms, their stupid tiresome Sunday, and their awkward piety;" by Humboldt and Arago's sarcasm about our philosophers interrupting their meteorological observations on the Sabbath, and so rendering their six days' work altogether valueless; even by the slow Ida Pfeiffer's demure remarks to the effect, that though the English Sunday is so dull and wearisome that the foreigner sinks under its weight, she yet does not discover that it is considered at all more as a day of prayer and religious worship here than abroad,—that she opened her eyes with wonder at discovering that children may not have their playthings on Sundays, that they must eat cold dinners, that they must sit through the wearisome length of the Anglican service, and that they may open no amusing book on that day. We can add from our own personal observation many similar portents. We could name a pious suburb of London, where, when a few boys were sliding on the ice on a wintry Sunday morning, we have seen the parish Bumble, with an escort of police, make a descent upon the place, and clear the ponds half an hour before the time for Anglican service, lest the sanctified eyes of the elect, as they rolled to church in their comfortable carriages, or walked in their no less comfortable wrappers, warmed with the double heat of a good breakfast and a blazing fire, should be shocked and scandalised at the sad vision of precocious wickedness making up by exercise for the want of fire, food, and clothing; where the tradesmen, who are so demonstrative of pious and protesting placards in their windows, and who rush so libidiously, at the bidding of their sanctimonious customers, to affix their names, and those of their infants, to sabbatarian petitions, themselves keep the Sunday so snugly and so drowsily (in bed), that the boy who punctually at ten o'clock brings them their Sunday recreation (the *Weekly Dispatch*) finds them too sleepy to open the door to receive it, and is obliged to thrust it in by the threshold, or to throw it down the area; where, at regular intervals, the *affiche*-boards of the churches and chapels, and the lamp-posts in all the streets, are placarded with notices to the poor Irish people who sell oranges and ginger-beer to the crowds who issue from the dingy streets to enjoy, on fine Sundays, a mouthful of fresh air and a ride on the ridge of a donkey on the common, informing them that their occupation is illegal, that by a statute of Charles II. their goods are forfeit, and themselves liable to a fine, for so criminal an action as selling an orange or a Brazil-nut to an adust artisan on a sunny sabbath.

We do not attempt to deny a certain pharisaic piety and



mistaken zeal to these interferers with our liberty; but still we think that a stupid, ungainly, graceless, unpleasant piety like this is a treason against both religion and virtue. It threatens our life, and all that makes life agreeable; it is the little old man of the sea, with his bandy legs tightly clasped round Sindbad's neck; or, if we may be allowed to compare English society to Nabuchodonosor's statue, with its head of gold, its trunk of silver, its legs of iron, and its splay feet of iron mixed with miry clay; and if it also is permitted to endow this statue with the supple joints of an acrobat, we would say that in its uncouth gambols it has had the misfortune to twist its legs in a Gordian knot round its own neck, so that the poor old image is choked, and the golden head is become black in the face. And the worst is, that the legs will not let go their hold; there is a civil war in the constitution of the statue; the fable of Menenius is fulfilled: its extremities are in a state of rebellion against its head and trunk; it is being throttled by its baser members; its feet and its legs, its calves and its drumsticks, senseless themselves, tyrannise over its sensitive parts, and prohibit the use of its nobler organs. It is little for them to bind its hands and its tongue; they are not content with the "touch not, taste not, handle not" of mere Judaism; they must add fresh prohibitions—"see not, hear not, know not, think not, laugh not, speak not."

There is only one class of the community that is to be allowed to work on Sundays; the people are to have no secular amusements, because they would require too great a staff of servants; it must be satisfied with the new idea of amusement which John Knox brought forth into the world. He, as a voice from Crown Court informs us, was not opposed to recreation, but he changed its idea; it was no longer jest and jollity, quips and cranks and wiles, the maypole and the village-green, where "young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday," as even the puritan Milton so sweetly sings; it is not to be "pomp and feast and revelry, with mask and antique pageantry;" not the museum, or the picture-gallery, or the concert-room,—but the pulpit and the Bible, and John Knox's exposition thereof! Stunning enjoyment, especially to those who have the happiness not to believe in John Knox! But why work the poor ministers on Sundays? Why not make them rest, as well as the officials at museum, gallery, or crystal palace? as well as postmen, jarveys, and omnibus-cads, engine-drivers, stokers, and pointsmen? as well as vendors of oranges, beer, tobacco, and lollipops? No man who is acquainted with the fact that clergymen, like chimney-sweepers, have a peculiar disease all to themselves, which arises solely from their

work, will be inclined to deny the laboriousness of their occupation. No man who knows that the "parson's sore throat" is as specific a class-malady as the *plica polonica* will deny that, for the sake of the sanitary condition of Parsondom, some remedy should be excogitated for the bane. What shall we suggest? Is it possible that this infliction is a judgment on them for working on the Sabbath? We do not see how we can account for it simply by the amount of their labours: barristers and members of parliament will speak five hours on end for six days together, besides working like turnspits at their papers half the nights, and yet keep their throats as clear as bells; while the poor overworked parsons, whom one meets day by day in multitudes in all railways (first class), in all steamers, at all places of amusement, at all dinner-parties, at all balls, at all concerts, even, alas! at all theatres,—whom one finds up the Rhine, in the Paris Exhibition, on the top of the Righi (Mont Blanc is too tough for them), at Rome, at Naples, at Niagara, who seem literally to have nothing to do all the week but to amuse themselves in composing a denunciation of Sunday amusements, to sit up late over a sermon on Saturday nights,

"When pensive parsons painful vigils keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their hearers sleep,"—

are then, poor soft creatures, so exhausted by their labour as to be obliged to prepare themselves for the pronunciation of their discourse by a course of egg-flip, of flannels and old stockings round their throats, with a gargle of port-wine to give tone to their esophagus! And yet these are the men who penetrate our penitentiaries and our prisons, and there preach to the poachers and the prigs, the pilferers and the plunderers, that the beginning of their course was neglect of the Sabbath, and that their incarceration is a judgment upon them for their desecration of the Lord's day. Would it not be more true to say, that their crimes are the natural result of the teaching that so many of them received in the Sunday-school, to the effect that well-nigh the only sin which was offensive in the eyes of God, or which a Christian could commit, was to amuse and enjoy himself on a Sunday?

But it is time to return to the subject which we intended to exemplify. What we have already written, however well it may illustrate evangelical tyranny in general,—that spirit of Paul Pry, which cannot be contented without being the overseer of your neighbour's conduct, without having a finger in every pie, a voice in every consultation,—that cheap and easy way of travelling the narrow road which consists in laying



heavy burdens on your fellow-travellers and carrying none yourself, "compounding for sins you are inclined to, by damning those you have no mind to," flattering yourselves that you have done a noble deed, and testified to a perverse generation, when you have only anathematised people for attempting to do that which their conscience tells them they have a right to do;—however well the sabbatarian controversy may illustrate this spirit, and incline thinking and fair-minded men to believe us when we complain of other indignities which we receive at the hand of the same party, though in these cases they may not be our fellow-sufferers; yet this was not the subject which we undertook to discuss in this article, but the peculiar instances of the hardships which Catholics have to endure. The Sabbath is but one of three great heavy-armed fortresses of English religion; but it is the only one which is at all able to annoy the camp or threaten the communications of the liberal party. Its two other positions, Bible-worship and hostility to Popery, do not interfere with any but Papists—nay, rather, all people who are not Papists are eager to join in their defence. Liberals are perfectly ready to confess that Christianity, whatever it may be, is contained in the Bible; that this book is, as it were, the tomb in which Christianity lies buried, the repository in which her bones are to be found.\* They are glad to own that it is the duty and privilege of Christians to read that book and to rifle its contents; that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants (for it is excessively convenient to profess a religion so completely impersonal and detached from self as to be easily carried in one's pocket, or left at home and locked up out of sight when not wanted). They cannot sufficiently condemn our fanatical folly in closing this book against uneducated Catholics, who would probably misunderstand it; and they furiously resent our brutal bigotry in destroying or burning a relic that is so venerated, rightly or wrongly, by the majority of the population. As for hostility to Popery, if the liberals are precluded from denouncing our religion on religious grounds, they amply indemnify themselves by their abuse of it on political considerations; they identify Catholicity with a great conspiracy to subdue the world to a sacerdotal despotism—in their eyes the greatest crime that man can be guilty of. They have a ferocious hatred to priestly supervision of all kinds; they would object to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr.

\* "*I*," said a gentleman of this school to a friend of ours, while travelling the other day in a railway-carriage, "*I* carry my religion in my waistcoat-pocket;" and therewith he pulled out a pocket Testament from the said receptacle, as a triumphant demonstration of his "*creed*!"



Cumming as much as to that of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman; they say, with some reason, that any government presided over by the bench of bishops would be a regimen of old women, characterised by all possible feminine weaknesses and follies, at once indulgent and spiteful, simple and suspicious, blind and prying, careless and meddling, extravagant and unimproving; they would not relish making themselves slaves even to their own Church, which, as their organ owns, "does not at this moment possess any extraordinary amount of eloquence, hardly professes to be learned, eschews philosophy, lays little claim to those austere virtues which won the reverence of a simpler age, and does not even exhibit any of that practical good sense with which most men supply the want of genius, poetry, and romance" (*Times*, Feb. 19). With such ideas of their own Church, it is no wonder that they think even worse of ours. It is no wonder that in ecclesiastical questions, as well as in questions concerning the treatment of the Bible, they should be found on the side of the Evangelicals. It is only on the Sabbath question that their interests are identical with ours; it is only when irritated on this point that their ears and their sympathies can be gained for the wrongs we experience on the other two.

We have taken up so much space with our introduction, that we have only room to indicate in general terms the kind of tyranny which we have to endure; and in making out the list we will strictly confine ourselves to what has fallen under our personal observation within very narrow limits of time and place. The scene is an exemplary suburb of London, which we will designate by the name of Foolton. A Catholic paterfamilias wishes to take a house there. His first visit to the place is made in company with a priest wearing his Roman collar; they inspect a house, but having detected a bad odour in the drawing-room, they shake their heads at it. "It was for me to refuse you," quoth the landlord; "I would never let my house to such people as you are." Such was the first indication of the animus of the place; they soon found that it was necessary, if they wanted to secure a house, to conceal their religion, and simply to refer to the Protestant lawyer. Paterfamilias obtains his house; but the temerarious landlord receives at least fifty letters from the pious inhabitants to tell him that he has brought ruin on the place, that he has sold his soul to the devil, and that he is little better than Judas Iscariot. Having once settled himself to his own satisfaction, the new-comer looks round for a place where he can see the papers and periodicals; and having found an eligible library and reading-room, he enters, and subscribes his three guineas,

which are returned to him in half an hour with "Mr. Higton's compliments, and he declines to receive your subscription." The boys of the neighbouring national school, under the supervision of the excellent clergy of the place, soon come to know the stranger, and to practise their duty to their (Catholic) neighbour by a continual running-fire of opprobrious epithets at him and his servants, and of stones against his doors, walls, and roof, and occasionally against his windows; a great exacerbation of these paroxysms being always noticeable after any of the frequent anti-popery meetings at the schoolroom. He\* has occasion to make some addition to his buildings, which he wants to light with gas; the main which feeds the parish-church and schoolrooms runs close by; it would be a saving of twenty pounds to him, and of the same sum to the gas-company, if his pipes were joined to this main; the minister and churchwardens refuse simply on the ground of his being a Catholic, much to the disgust of the aforesaid company. But the rage of the suburb has been raised to the *n*th power by the establishment of a Catholic church, and even a convent, within its sacred precincts. In process of time a miserable girl calls on our paterfamilias, and tries to get money from him by a forged note from one of his tradesmen; the girl is taken before the police-magistrate, where the mother attends, and sobs out that her daughter has been ruined by the company she kept at the school of that horrid convent. Of course she was never there once in her life; but the next morning the woman's assertion appears prominently in the *Times* and all the papers, and is commented on in the *Tap-Tub* (which also takes the occasion of publishing an atrocious libel on the good nuns, and only to retract it when compelled to do so in a court of justice); but the contradiction of the lie is studiously kept from appearing. The rector of the parish is continually printing pastorals in the shape of letters to his parishioners, full of the most ludicrous misstatements of our religion, and of the most impertinent attacks upon our priests; the polemical thermometer is kept up to the boiling-point by the exhibition of broadsides, placards, and these rectorial epistles, in the shop-windows. It is found that one of our priests—a foreigner—when he first arrived, celebrated a marriage, after due proclamation of bans and inscription of names in the registrar's book, but without the corporeal presence of that hymeneal official; the registrar was mulcted of his five shillings, so he has reason for some wrath; but why should the whole bumbledom of the parish move heaven and earth to prosecute the

\* This incident is the only one that did not occur in the locality in question; it took place in the immediate neighbourhood.



case, and, failing in that because of the lapse of time, plaster the whole place with offensive placards headed "Clandestine Marriages," in which the circumstances are described, the names of the parties given, and the priest pronounced to be guilty of felony? A blatant fanatic, who dubs himself D.D., hires the cast-off shell of a congregational "church" that migrates to better quarters, and sets it up as a proprietary episcopal chapel. He can find no readier way to the hearts and purses of the Fooltonians than by treating them to a series of controversial sermons against the Papacy; accordingly every Lent he sends forth his advertising sandwiches, little boys crushed between two placarded boards, emblazoned with some such chivalrous challenge as this: "Jehovah honoured; the Cruciferant Fathers muzzled; Foolton protected, in a series of Sermons to be preached in St. Luke's Church, Bedlam, by Elymas Crow, D.D.;" the said sandwiches being instructed to present themselves (under the inspection of the police) at our church-doors while the congregation is pouring out, and able-bodied men being also employed to distribute handbills to our people. A tradesman settles in the place, and by the goodness of his wares soon gains a considerable connection; he is found to be a Catholic, and immediately the elect sisters of the suburb find that their proper occupation, during the absence of their lords at their warehouses and counting-houses in the city, is to make rounds of visits to all their acquaintance, and to employ themselves in touting for the non-employment of the unfortunate shopkeeper.

But these are the least of our evils; this is merely the external rind and bark of that tyranny whose bitter kernel is only to be tasted within the walls of the house and the circle of the family. What a state of things is suggested to us, when we know that there cannot be a row about Papal aggression, about Maynooth, about an Austrian Concordat, without literally hundreds of poor Irish maids-of-all-work being turned out to starve, or suffer worse things, in the streets of the metropolis! O Englishmen, if you have reason to take offence, wreak your vengeance on those who are in fault! attack our bishops, our influential men,—those who may possibly have had something to do with advising or defending the obnoxious measure; but these sheep, what have they done? Their opinion was not asked; they know nothing of the difference between bishops *in partibus* and a settled hierarchy; and yet it is on them, poor ignorant defenceless creatures, that the cowardly bigots make the weight of their vengeance to fall. And those poor women who are not turned into the streets, what tales could not be told of their sufferings, of



brutal insult, of studied plans to render it impossible for them to attend to their religious duties, of overwork and under-pay, of starvation, of consumption, the hospital, the workhouse, and the grave!

But the connection between the master and the servant is one purely voluntary, that may be severed at the shortest notice. The trials of the Catholic servant are as nothing in comparison to those of the son, the daughter, or the wife of a Protestant household, who attempts to hold communication with a priest, or succeeds in making submission to the Catholic Church. We have known of several such cases; and the tyranny that has come under our notice would be ludicrous if it had not been disgusting. Fathers and uncles alter their wills, and cut off the offending members with a shilling; they lock them up, and keep them prisoners for weeks; or they turn them out of house and home; or they badger them with parsons, and send for the family lawyer to enforce the claims of the Church by law established on their reason and their conscience; or they take away all Catholic books, and exact promises not to converse with Catholics. Some of the worst cases we have known have been where the wives of Anglican clergymen have been converted: here personal violence has not been wanting; fists have been shaken in the lady's face, blasphemies poured out which would make a believing devil shudder, cruelties exercised or threatened which have called for the interference of the lady's family in her behalf. We cannot allude more particularly to these cases; they are too rare not to make identification comparatively easy. They are instances of a tedious and cruel martyrdom, which invokes the sympathy of the whole Church of Christ. Deprived of their children, those who should be their protectors turned to be their rancorous enemies, who can interfere to mitigate those trials which the grace of God alone can enable these women to bear?

And yet, what is the judgment of their fellow-Protestants on the tyrants who oppress them? That they act as Christians ought to act; that *they* are the parties to be pitied; that it would have been little if their wives, their sons, or their daughters had turned infidels or atheists, Turks or Jews, horse-jockeys, blacklegs, or swindlers; but to see them turn Catholics passes the bounds of Christian endurance. We do not mean to insinuate that all Protestants treat the converts of their families in this way; we have known instances where the generosity and nobleness which have been exhibited have been quite as marked as the ferocious fanaticism we have been describing. Still more instances we have known where,

after more or less of storm, calm has succeeded, and domestic peace has returned. We only allude to the worst cases, to show the sort of social tyranny to which we are subjected on the ground of our being Catholics.

We pass over the grievances which our poor suffer in their own houses, into which (in the suburb of which we are speaking) pious visiting-ladies and curates force themselves unbidden, prodigal of tracts, but economical of soup, clothing, or coals; and we conclude with a short sketch of what has occurred at a female penitentiary in the same suburban district. It was discovered that, among the prisoners at that place, there were on the average from one to two hundred Catholics; a priest therefore visited the house, but gaining no information whatever from the authorities, he introduced himself as an old soldier to the colonel who superintends prison-discipline in the London district, and from him obtained leave to say Mass in the building. But now began his difficulties. Three o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for the service; the room which was fixed upon for his chapel was found on the following Sunday to be encumbered with lumber of all kinds, and the holy of holies was finally banished to an outhouse. He was not allowed to take a boy with him to serve his Mass, nor another priest to share the labour of hearing confessions: he could only see those individuals who asked for him, and who asked not in a cursory off-hand manner, but solemnly, with written formalities; whereas the Irish orangeman who officiated as chaplain is allowed to go where he likes, to talk to whom he likes, and to distribute what tracts he chooses. Moreover, the priest is not allowed to see any one alone; and the poor penitents have to make their confession in the presence of some of their fellow-prisoners and of a Protestant matron. Besides this, the first priest, who was a foreigner, and who perhaps found it impossible to make himself acquainted with all the minutiae of the forms he was to go through, used continually to find that he was out of order, that he was but too successfully opposed by the combination of governors, matrons, chaplains, and other parsons. Upon this a bright idea struck our authorities; the foreign priest was withdrawn, and one who was both honourable and reverend was substituted. The tuft-worship of the British snob was not invoked in vain; the authorities of the prison humbled themselves to the dust before the talismanic prefix; they behaved to the scion of nobility with the most flexile affability, and contented themselves with countermining against him in his absence. But the politeness ended in words and gestures; even to him no relaxation of the parliamentary rule was



granted. He found out on unquestionable authority that there were at least two hundred Catholics in the prison, yet he was allowed to see only about sixty of these; for the other poor creatures had added to their other crimes that of concealing their religion. Those who had at first criminally attended the Protestant services always found it very difficult to transfer themselves to the priest, and were warned that "they must take the consequences" of their act; an indefinite threat, which, though it meant nothing, was calculated to intimidate the ignorant persons to whom it was addressed. On the other hand, every facility was given to prisoners who wished to gain an accession of indulgence by conforming to the dominant sect. No sooner does the parson persuade some poor Bridget to admit his visits than a message is sent off to the workhouse that her children are to be withdrawn from Catholic supervision and submitted to the parson; whereas, if a Catholic poor woman asks the priest to bring her the Holy Communion by a certain day, unless she has taken care to have her name inscribed in the visiting-book, the priest is sent back with his precious Burden, and is coolly told that probably the chaplain has been with her, and has persuaded her to renounce her religion. All this is done with the most complete show of courtesy to the priest. Not so the work that goes on in his absence, which partakes of the well-known "moderation" of Anglicanism. The parson, and the visiting-ladies, whose importunate interference is tolerated by the authorities, will go about distributing their tracts and their prayer-books to poison the minds of the unfortunate inmates; by their bitter blasphemies they will work the poor creatures up to a frenzy; and when they in consequence begin to damn and curse all parsons, Bibles, tracts, methodists, swaddlers, and soupers, they will be rebuked for irreligion; the priest will not be admitted to them because, forsooth, he excites them; and the Protestant authorities will have the satanic satisfaction of having successfully interposed between a soul that might have repented and its God! Such are the poor creatures on whom Evangelicalism makes its heartless experiments; these are the helpless passive bodies which that cowardly despicable system tortures and crucifies; and when it has gained its end, what has it done? It has compassed the whole ocean of infamy to make one proselyte, to rob one poor criminal soul of all that remained of conscience and principle, and to make her tenfold more a child of hell than itself. It is against this system that we appeal to all that is fair and manly among Englishmen; against this system, which, as it impertinently thrusts its own interpretation of the Sabbath down their throats, so down ours it thrusts

not only its sabbatarian Phariseism, but every social insult and wrong which a coward can inflict on a person who has unhappily fallen into his power. We ask the honest man to come out of this Babylon of jargon and cant, to break off all connection with it, and not to ally himself with it against us—not to play the game of Evangelicalism, and to strengthen its hands against us, lest he also one day find himself a prisoner in the clutches of its intolerance.

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## ST. OSWALD'S;

OR,

## LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

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### CHAPTER XV.

#### A CHURCH-FESTIVAL.

THE summer advanced, and brought with it the Feast of Corpus Christi, a day this year looked forward to at St. Oswald's with more than its usual interest, as it was proposed for the first time to carry the Blessed Sacrament through the grounds of the monastery, and to admit all the Catholics of the neighbourhood to join in the procession. A new canopy of great value had been presented by Mr. Croft, to be used for the first time on the day of the feast; and even those who were accustomed to the liberality of his gifts were surprised at the costliness of this present offering. Six silver poles supported a canopy of which it was almost difficult to discover the material, so thickly was it embroidered with gold. Every one admired it, and thought it unique in beauty; but few ventured to express their admiration to Mr. Croft himself, so evidently was he annoyed by hearing the subject mentioned. He was pressed to assist in carrying the canopy during the procession, but no entreaties could induce him to consent.

When the final arrangements were being made, a messenger unexpectedly arrived in the sacristy bringing a large quantity of greenhouse and hothouse flowers from a celebrated nursery-gardener's in the neighbourhood, with an anonymous note requesting that they might be scattered on the ground before the Blessed Sacrament in the procession. The messenger knew no-



thing of the name of the donor, but volunteered the information that his master's place had been absolutely stripped of its very choicest flowers to furnish the supply, and that no small sum would pay for them. The speculations that followed would have only been changed for another form of curiosity if it had been known that the donor was none other than Croft himself.

Among the foremost of the admirers of the superb canopy was, of course, Mrs. Ogleby. She was also one of the last to perceive that the subject was unwelcome to the man whom she sought to attract. She contrived, indeed, to provoke him to a decided expression of irritation—a thing uncommon with him—before she saw that she was treading on dangerous ground. When the procession was formed, Mrs. Ogleby, who had no taste whatever for wax-candles, and was mortally afraid that some careless person might set fire to her best lace veil, declined to join the ranks of those who followed in the ceremonial. She quickly discovered that Croft was not going to walk in the procession himself; and she determined to find out where he was likely to be in the crowd of those who preferred to look on, and to place herself by his side. This she did, partly from an uncontrollable desire to be as near to him as possible, whenever an opportunity offered, and partly with a view to making him a witness of the fervour of her devotion.

"Do you know, Mr. Croft," said she, when with some difficulty she had discovered the obscure corner of the grounds where he was standing, in company with a small knot of strangers, who had been admitted by favour—"Do you know that we shall see nothing here? They won't come at all near us. Had not we better get a more favourable place?"

"I thank you," said he; "I prefer this myself; but pray do not let that prevent your going elsewhere."

Mrs. Ogleby began some foolish speech about her unwillingness to go by herself in a crowd, but stopped when she saw Croft pull a book out of his pocket and begin to read. The hint was too broad to be mistaken, and she held her tongue.

At length the procession came in sight. She turned to Croft, and was about to make some commonplace remark, but was prevented by perceiving that he was kneeling down, leaning low against the trunk of a tree, with his face buried in his hands. She did not dare to interrupt his devotions, not even to tell him that, after all, the procession was coming near where they were placed. To her gratification, it came actually close past them. As the sound of the approaching chant plainly indicated the course it was taking, she saw Croft suddenly lift up his face, and as suddenly hide it again, with a con-

vulsive eagerness; and as the Incarnate Son of God Himself drew near, she perceived that his whole frame trembled with agitation. She looked up, and saw that it was Father Basil who was carrying the Sacred Host, and she remembered the story that Mrs. Longford had told her of Croft's behaviour on a similar occasion. It was not in accordance with the original allotment of offices for the day that the great and awful happiness of bearing the Blessed Sacrament had been assigned to Father Basil; but he had himself asked to be allowed to do it. It was a most unusual thing for him to make any particular request either to do or to be excused any thing; and the prior had willingly, though with some surprise, acceded to his wishes.

Just as the Adorable Presence had arrived close to the spot where Croft was kneeling, one of the bearers of the canopy stumbled over the scarcely visible remains of the stump of a tree, lost his footing, and fell to the ground. The noise startled Croft, who looked up, saw the accident, in an instant was on his feet, and caught the pole of the canopy at the moment that the falling man was letting it slip from his grasp. The whole thing was so instantaneous, that the other bearers had scarcely time to be alarmed before their fears of an accident were set at rest. The procession moved on without pausing, Croft continuing to act as one of the bearers, the gentleman whose place he had taken being too much shaken by his fall to go on. When all was over, Mrs. Ogleby endeavoured to find Croft; but in vain. She was puzzled by his manner to herself, and feared she had done herself harm with him; but the fascination he exercised over her was growing every hour more irresistible, and giving birth to a kind of desperate energy, prompting her to the wildest schemes for securing him at all costs. She learnt at length, that immediately after the functions of the day were concluded he had been taken to his house in Sir Reginald's carriage, being so seriously unwell as to be unable to walk. More disturbed than ever by this intelligence, she could not quiet the excitement of her mind, but remained for some time pacing up and down the churchyard-walks. How *could* she conciliate the affections of the man whom she so ardently loved? Every day showed her more clearly that his heart must be closed against any woman not sincerely religious; and with all her confidence in her powers of acting, she was secretly afraid that her dissimulation was imperfect. He had never once addressed her in terms which implied a confidence in the genuineness of her religious sympathies. He was, it is true, very sparing in his conversation on any religious topics; but still, she had heard him speak to others



in a manner that he had never employed in conversing with herself. In her foolishness and ignorance she could hit upon no better device than that on which she had recently been acting. She would go on affecting a zeal for religion in the form of a zeal against vice, and a zeal against vice in the guise of a zeal against Father Basil.

"Well," she said to herself, "it's of no use shilly-shallying. There's nothing like a bold stroke for winning. It can do me no harm, and it must look well. I've no doubt this old man is a great villain; and this Father Jerome is such a simpleton, that I can turn him round my little finger. Besides, I don't like this Father Basil: I don't like those sanctimonious looks of his. I've not forgotten what he said to me one day when I had that long talk with him in the guest-room. He suspects me,—I'm confident he does; and he doesn't approve of my calling so often to see Father Jerome. It's mere jealousy of the other's popularity—I have not the least doubt of it; but I will be equal to him, after all."

And so, quickened by a fancied injury, Mrs. Ogleby proceeded to put the finishing-stroke to her plans against the peace of a man who had literally never mentioned her name to any living person, and across whose thoughts, in truth, the recollection of her scarcely ever passed. A few minutes sufficed to bring Father Jerome down to the guest-room, in answer to her summons. When she began her artful conversation she had formed no distinct scheme of operations, nor did she fix to herself any precise boundary of falsehood or insinuation to which she would go and no further. Her excitement was so deep-seated, and her eagerness to attract Croft was so rapidly becoming reckless and mad, that all she could do was to go on and on, and leave it to circumstances to prompt her from step to step.

The effect of her long conversation with Father Jerome was visible upon his countenance as he returned to the cloister. Self-importance, haste, irritation, and artificial zeal, combined to produce that peculiar look which indicates at once a vehemence of feeling and an instability of character. Hardly knowing what he meant to do, he walked into the library, and started as he saw the subject of his thoughts quietly seated and reading. He walked up and down the library, striving to decide what to do; but could not compose himself and settle on any definite method of acting. The more he walked the more restless he felt, and the more calm and composed seemed Father Basil. The sight of that pale and emaciated countenance, totally unmoved by his own ceaseless movements, began to irritate him beyond endurance, and wound him

up to a conviction that Father Basil was a very paragon of wickedness and hypocrisy. It had been a good habit with Father Jerome for some time always to say mentally a "Hail Mary," or utter some short ejaculation, before commencing any action beyond the ordinary routine. He had recently become careless as to this practice; but had not reproached himself for it, putting the neglect down to the supposed pressure of circumstances, which would not allow of time for the brief delay that would thus ensue. He now approached Father Basil, with hesitating steps but excited mind; and as he addressed himself to his self-imposed task of rebuke, he began mechanically to form the sounds "Hail Mary, full of grace," &c.; and for a moment he felt checked in his career of anger. But the angelical salutation was too pure for the very earthly mood of his mind, and died away upon his lips before he had whispered a dozen words. Scarcely knowing what he did, but burning with ill-directed zeal, he stood still before his brother religious, and addressed him in a tone of startling loudness:

"Father!"

Father Basil looked up from his book, not a little confused at being thus spoken to by a man who seldom favoured him with any unnecessary conversation. The harsh and excited expression of Father Jerome's face did not tend to reassure him, and he felt an overwhelming incursion of that nervous timidity which had long grown habitual to him. He made no reply, but gazed steadily in Father Jerome's countenance; for it was a characteristic of his, that however timid or nervous he was, he generally looked people in the face with a directness and steadfastness that the boldest dispositions might have envied.

Father Jerome felt suddenly taken aback, but he forced himself to go on:

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you can look me in the face in that way, when you know the scandal that has come upon us all through your lamentable conduct?"

"What scandal?" said Father Basil, in a voice approaching to a whisper, so violent was the palpitation of his heart.

"For shame!" cried the other. "Is it not enough that you have never been brought to confess your crime, but you must needs profess ignorance of the mischief you have done to religion and to your brothers in this house?"

Trembling, and scarcely able to speak from agitation, Father Basil stood like a statue, still looking fixedly in the countenance of his excited brother; so fixedly, indeed, that the latter began to feel almost confused by his gaze.



"Why don't you answer me?" he continued, getting more and more uncomfortable, with all his vehement anger. "You surely *are* guilty; you know you are. Your very look condemns you."—(He felt while he said this that it was not the truth.)—"If you are not, who is? Why don't you exculpate yourself, and save us all this shame and scandal? Or why don't you confess it, like a true penitent, and not go about for year after year wearing your sentence of condemnation in your own looks and words?"—(Again his conscience told him that he was misinterpreting the fact.)—"Why do you look at me in that strange way, instead of answering what I ask you? If you are not guilty, why do you act as if you were?"

"What more *can* I say?" murmured Father Basil when his companion at length paused in his invectives. "I have already said that I am wholly innocent, and that I am totally ignorant of every thing in the whole affair."

"Then how do you account for the circumstances that look so much against you?"

"I have already said all that I could say on the subject; and the only other account I can give is, by saying that it was through the inscrutable will of God that things appeared as they did appear."

"That is no answer to an argument," retorted Father Jerome; but his heart smote him when he said so.

"It *is* an answer to a Christian mind," replied Father Basil, gaining strength as the discussion advanced. "Now that my hours are nearly over, why should I fear to say, that the only thing that has helped me to bear this dreadful cross has been my confidence in this inscrutable will of my God, who has chosen—yes, I say chosen—to lay this burden upon me. I cannot account completely for the circumstances that tell against me; that is, I can only give my own explanation of them; I can prove nothing. But I can bow my head to His will, and I can kiss the hand that is laying the cross upon it. My dear brother, I am dying; I know it is so. The time must be close at hand; human nature will stand no more. You have said what you pleased to me; let me have my turn only for a moment. You desire to penetrate to the secrets of my heart, I have none to hide from you; and if you could search to its very depths, you would only learn that, with all the agony I have endured for years, I would not now lose the memory of one single throb of pain, nor would I exchange the peace which my God has given me in the midst of my sufferings for the most spotless of reputations that mortal man ever enjoyed. And now, pardon me for speaking

of myself; it is the last time. My hour is come. Give me your arm, and help me to my cell. It cannot last much longer. Forgive me for all the scandal I *have* caused, either by my actual sins or by my foolishness; and when all is over, remember me and pray for me."

Father Jerome remained silent, for he was utterly confounded. The manner of the other was so singularly unlike that of a hypocrite or a guilty man, that, in spite of all his anger, he was overpowered, and could say nothing. He then made one or two futile attempts at speaking; but felt more foolish and helpless than he had ever felt in his life before. He gave his arm to Father Basil in silence, and led him upstairs; and by his request he fetched the Father Prior to him, and then went and sat down in his own cell. There he remained for some length of time—restless, irritated, and uncomfortable; at one moment convinced that Father Basil was only an accomplished deceiver, at another fancying that, after all, he might be a saint; now stung with vexation at the thought of the humiliation he might himself have to undergo in admitting the cruel injustice he had been guilty of, now touched with a conviction that, whatever was the truth, he himself had been actuated by a proud and fiery uncharitableness. His better thoughts were beginning to gain a victory, when he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the man he had so much injured. As he entered the little room, his eye lighted on the preparations for the giving of the Last Sacraments. On the bed lay the emaciated figure of the dying man, who, as soon as he caught sight of Father Jerome, stretched out his hand to him with a singular smile, which never left his memory until his own dying day. He seized the extended hand, kissed it, and sank on his knees by the bed, unable to take any share in the holy rites of that awful hour. The rest, who knew how embittered his feelings had long grown on the subject of Father Basil, saw and respected his remorse; and it was only when it was evident that the last moment was actually coming, that some one touched his shoulder, and whispered, "He is dying." He rose to his feet, watched the last breath, and tenderly closed the eyes of the departed. From that day Father Jerome was never known to express a severe judgment on any human being.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORLD AND THE CLOISTER.

THE day after Father Basil's funeral, the younger of the two novice-brothers was closeted with his old friend Father Ambrose.

"Well, my dear brother," said the Father, as he entered the room, "what's the matter? I hear that you have had permission from Father Benedict to have some conversation with me. And, to tell you the truth, I've been rather expecting it for some little time."

The young man laughed, and said, "Then, as you have discovered my wishes in this respect, perhaps you know also what I wanted to say. It will be very agreeable if you do; for I confess I feel somewhat foolish and uncomfortable now the time has come."

"Come for what?" asked the Father.

"You won't think me extremely silly, will you?" said Brother Cyril.

"I shall think you very silly if you go on talking enigmas. Well, well, I'll spare your feelings, and tell you what you wanted to say. You think you have no vocation. That's it, is it not?"

"I fear it is so," replied the novice. "I hope you don't think very badly of me for it."

"Well, now, what will you say," rejoined the Father, "if I tell you that I never thought you had one?"

Brother Cyril looked up, and stared with astonishment.

"Go on," said the Father, scarcely able to keep his countenance, as the young man continued to stare without speaking. "Why, the whole conversation seems to be on my side. I must expound for you again, must I? You mean, I presume, to ask me why I advised you to come here and become a novice."

"Exactly so."

"For two reasons. First, I was not sure that I was right; I might have been wrong; one is often deceived by appearances. The system of the novitiate is instituted for the very purpose of ascertaining whether people have vocations or not; and I had no business to settle the matter dogmatically beforehand. If you had proved to have had a vocation, so much the better. That's my first reason. My second is not very complimentary to yourself; but I'm sure you have at any rate learnt during your trial here to pocket

uncomplimentary sayings very meekly. I saw that you were bent upon making the trial, and would not be convinced, or even moved, by any thing I could say."

"But how much I enjoyed it at first," said Brother Cyril inquiringly.

"I beg your pardon," said Father Ambrose; "you enjoyed, not the reality of the religious life, but the idea of it. And the reverse is the case with your dear brother. He did not enjoy the idea of it, but he does the reality. Nature makes us love the idea; grace gives the love of the reality."

"But my brother did not like the reality at first."

"His nature did not like it, but his enlightened judgment understood it and approved it; and grace was with him from the first, to form in him that true love of the reality without which no one can be monk, friar, Jesuit, or nun."

"And don't you think very ill of me for not having grace to love what is so essentially better than a life in the world?"

"Do you think ill of me because I am not as handsome as the Apollo, and am not as great a poet as Shakespeare?"

Brother Cyril laughed outright.

"I'm delighted to see you laugh heartily once more," said Father Ambrose.

"What *do* you mean?" asked the young man.

"I mean, that for some months past—ever since you began, as I saw, to find out that you were not in your element—you have never, at least in my hearing, laughed heartily and simply, as you used to laugh. Why, my dear brother, a merry ringing laugh is a sign that a novice is going on just as he ought."

"But surely, Father Ambrose," observed Brother Cyril, "it is much better in itself to be a religious than a secular."

"True, quite true," said the Father; "but we must remember that these things are entirely in the hands of God, who gives different graces to different persons. Why He does this is of course a mystery. Our business is to ascertain the will of God in our own particular case, and, having ascertained it, to do it. In my opinion, God is not calling you to the same state of life that He has called me; but it is for us to acquiesce and rejoice in His will, whatever it is. I shall not have the happiness of loving you as a brother-religious, but I shall have the happiness of loving you as a brother-Christian. And I feel confident that you will be all the better Christian in the world than you would have been if you had not made the trial of the novitiate."

"But can a man save his soul as easily in the world as in the cloister?"

"That is a question which must be explained before it is



answered. Viewing the subject broadly and absolutely, No; viewing it in your case, Yes. I certainly hold—indeed, I am sure—that a larger proportion of religious are saved than of people in the world. So far, then, treating it as a question of statistics, or numerical probabilities, it is harder to go to heaven from the world than from the cloister. But when you come to each individual Christian, it is undoubted that each will be saved best in that particular mode of life to which the unfathomable wisdom of God calls him. Therefore, as you have no vocation, *you* will be saved best in the world. At the same time, do let me warn you against a deception which does some good Christians an immense amount of harm. Because their vocation is to be *in* the world, they fancy that the world is not in its nature as hurtful to them personally as it is to those who are called to the cloister. If we finally decide that you have no vocation here, I shall say to you, with all my heart and conscience, ‘God speed you;’ but I shall say, Beware of giving the world your heart, as anxiously as you would fly from the temptation if you never stirred beyond these walls. And now I must leave you. Is any thing settled as to the time of your final decision?”

“No, nothing,” said the novice; “I leave it to my director.”

“Quite right,” said Father Ambrose. “And now, good-bye, and God bless you.”

The young man knelt to receive the Father’s blessing; and returned to his cell with his mind relieved, and at the same time with a more calm and satisfied faith in the goodness and power of God than he had ever before possessed.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### DISCLOSURES.

WHILE these things were going on at St. Oswald’s, the affairs of the Somerset family and their guest were by no means at a standstill.

“Mary,” said the baronet one morning to his daughter, after summoning her with a stately air to his own room, “you will receive a visitor in the course of the day.”

“Indeed!” replied Miss Somerset.

“Yes,” said her father, “Lord Pangbourne proposes to do himself the honour of waiting upon you. His lordship does not state the purpose of his visit in the note in which he announces

it; but he requests me to allow him the favour of an interview with yourself. Of course I—I—there can be no doubt as to his object; and I trust you will receive his lordship in a manner due to his position in society, and in a manner due to yourself as my daughter and a Somerset."

"My dear father," said Mary, "let me be frank with you. If the tiresome viscount is coming to ask me to marry him, as you seem to imply, you must not be disappointed if I decline the honour of his hand."

"May I ask," said the baronet, "what grounds you can have for refusing so eligible an offer?"

"Certainly, papa, if you will tell me what grounds I have for accepting the man."

"Really, Mary," rejoined Sir Reginald, "the tone of your language is most unbecoming towards an individual so—so—in every way worthy, noble, and wealthy."

"My dear papa," cried his daughter, "I know you have my happiness at heart; be pleased therefore to remember that it is I, and not you, whom Lord Pangbourne wants to marry. The question therefore is, Do *I* like him? Frankly, then, I do not. I would as soon marry a parliamentary blue-book, or a dictionary of references. His lordship's conversation always reminds me of a shower of pebbles. I positively feel bruised before he has talked a quarter of an hour to me."

"I don't understand you," said the baronet; and he certainly spoke the truth; for he had about as much capacity for relishing metaphors, especially when launched against a peer of the realm, as he had for calculating the longitude. Sir Reginald's heart, however, was not very firmly set upon his daughter's marrying the terribly well-informed viscount in question. For, in the first place, he was only a viscount; secondly, his family was but recently ennobled; thirdly, the baronet considered that, in the present state of the matrimonial market, the daughter of Sir Reginald Somerset, with a dowry of seven or eight thousand a year, might marry an earl with a pedigree two yards long at the very least. He was, accordingly, only a little displeased at the freedom of Miss Somerset's remarks, and contented himself with insisting upon her treating her suitor with due decorum and etiquette.

The appointed hour came, the visit was paid, and the baronet heard the viscount ride away without any request for an interview with himself. He saw that he had prosecuted his suit in vain; but he digested his mortification without difficulty, and retired to his picture-gallery to console himself with the contemplation of the ancestral glories of his house.

His daughter meanwhile ran up to her mother's room,



and threw herself into her mother's arms, declaring that she knew not whether to laugh or cry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea what a trying thing it would be. And yet, the man is such a pompous simpleton, I could scarcely preserve my gravity."

"Why, my dear," cried Lady Somerset, "do you mean that you really were half-inclined to accept Lord Pangbourne, after all?"

"Accept him!" echoed Mary. "Why, mamma, who would accept a man that discussed the average of matrimonial happiness, as he called it, in the very act of making a proposal? Oh, you should have seen him performing the ceremony. There he sat, for all the world as if he was making a speech in a committee-room, marking off the divisions of his subject on the fingers of his left hand. Then, when I told him I did not feel towards him in a way that would justify me in marrying him, he broke out into a disquisition on the various kinds of love, and grew so intolerably metaphysical, that I could scarcely keep from yawning. On the whole, I should say he has gone away more utterly surprised than he ever was in his life before. That any body should refuse a man of his acquirements seemed to him a thing inconceivable."

The very next morning found the baronet again closeted with his daughter, and in a very different frame of mind. For the first time in her recollection he addressed her in a tone of self-reproach and affectionate sorrow.

"My dear child," said Sir Reginald, taking her hand, as he drew his chair close to where she sat, "I have sad news to communicate to you."

Her heart beat violently with some vague and indescribable fear.

"Mary," continued he, "you are a beggar—a pauper."

Had the baronet been given to joking, his daughter would have laughed outright; as it was she only felt wonderfully relieved, and replied:

"What *do* you mean, papa? Are we all ruined?"

"Not so, my dear," said he; "I am not, but you are. You know the state of your affairs. The fortune which you inherited from your aunt—somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds, and with which I hoped you would have made a match worthy of the Somersets—is gone; every farthing of it is gone."

"But, papa, there is Burleigh—at least what is not entailed. You need not think me quite destitute while that remains; unless, indeed," she added with a smile, "you mean to cut me off with a shilling."

"Every acre that is not entailed is mortgaged, I am sorry to tell you, Mary; and if I were to die to-morrow, you would not have sixpence in the world."

And the proud old man could scarcely restrain his tears.

"Well, papa," said his daughter, forcing a laugh, "'what is not is not,' as Lord Pangbourne wisely informed me yesterday, by way of parenthesis, when I told him that I had no particular regard for him. If my fortune is gone, it is gone. And it is very fortunate that I refused this viscount as I did, otherwise he would have thought himself taken in. But you have not told me how it has all disappeared."

"Why, the thing seems to have happened through the disappearance of a letter, which I ought to have received, and which I did not receive. You remember that the whole of your fortune was lately invested in one of these Cornish mines, which gave double the interest of the funds. Well, after the money was transferred to Sharp's hands—you remember he is the lawyer that managed it for us—but before he had actually purchased and paid for the shares for you, it seems he wrote me a confidential letter, telling me that he had reason to suspect the soundness of the investment, and stating that, notwithstanding my previous instructions and your authority, he should not act until I wrote to him renewing my original instructions. At the same time, as he knew I was just then very busy, and never like writing unnecessary letters, he stated, that if he did not hear from me he should consider himself bound to purchase the shares as intended, especially as an excellent opportunity offered, which might not again occur. This letter I never received. The consequence was, he bought the shares; and now the whole concern has come to the dogs with a crash, and you have lost every farthing you have in the world."

Never before had Sir Reginald made so long a speech in so straightforward a way, and seldom had he shown so much sincere emotion as he now displayed. Every possible inquiry was made in all quarters as to the cause of the loss of the letter. No clue was given; for the only person who could have given it was too well practised in hypocrisy to betray herself. Nor, indeed, did the magnitude of the mischief she had caused produce the slightest remorse in Mrs. Ogleby's breast. When she had destroyed the letter in question, she had been so much excited that she had scarcely given her mind to contemplate its results; but now that the subject was brought forward, she remembered quite enough to be convinced that the lost letter was the identical epistle which she had stolen, opened, and then burnt. And as no human being had been a



witness to the theft, she cared nothing for what she had done. As to the injury she had inflicted on Miss Somerset, her feelings towards that young lady were already so deeply embittered, that compassion for her was the last emotion that would have entered her mind.

At present, too, her utmost energies were taxed to carry her through with her schemes upon Mr. Croft. From one cause or another, she had not been able to see him since the day when she had so practised on the pride and folly of Father Jerome as to work him up to that attack on Father Basil which had virtually stabbed the poor Father to the heart. That tragedy had disconcerted her not a little; but she still cherished the idea of letting Croft know that Father Jerome's zeal, unfortunate as had been its consequences, had been prompted by herself; though, at the same time, she intended to give a sort of dramatic effect to the whole by claiming for herself the *rôle* of an instrument in the hands of Providence for punishing the guilty. That Father Basil was guilty she felt assured; and that Croft believed him guilty, and had a personal interest in seeing him duly punished, she felt equally sure. Her part, therefore, seemed clear; and all she was anxious about was the amount of feminine sensibility and sympathy for the suffering which she should assume in discussing the subject with Mr. Croft himself.

Her impatience at length grew uncontrollable, and she resolved to call upon him under the pretence of wishing to consult him on some legal business. She walked over accordingly to his house, and sent in her card. An answer was speedily brought her to the effect that he was very unwell, and unable to see any one on business-matters. But Mrs. Ogleby was not thus to be put off. She sent in another message, alleging that her affairs were of the utmost importance and would not bear delay, and that she would detain Mr. Croft for a few minutes only. The servant found Croft lying on a sofa, evidently very seriously ill, and frightfully restless.

"I cannot see her," said he, on receiving her second message. "It's impossible;—but stay," he added, "send her up." Then he murmured to himself, "Who am I, that I should refuse to listen to the affairs and entreaties of any one? My God, when shall I find rest? Oh, if I could but do it! And now, this horrible end of it all! It maddens me to think of it!"

Mrs. Ogleby soon entered the room; and started when she saw his looks. She would have come up and shaken his hand, and, in truth, she could scarcely restrain herself; but he motioned her to a chair, and begged her to state in what way

he could serve her. She took some letters from her bag, and turned them over and over again.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I have left the letter at home after all. I have been so nervous, Mr. Croft, after hearing of this sad affair at the monastery, that I hardly know what I do. It seems so shocking, too, to think that I should have been opening my mind to Father Jerome about that old man's wickedness just before it happened."

All this she said while she was apparently renewing her search among her papers. But when she finished speaking, she looked up, and was terrified at perceiving that Croft's eyes were fixed upon her with a look whose meaning she could not interpret, but which seemed to read her very soul.

"Mrs. Ogleby," he at length said, hoarsely and feebly, "I have a question to ask you. I did not intend to have put it; but your words are so strange, and at the same time fall in so singularly with the report I have heard, that I must do so, and without apology. Will you be good enough to tell me whether it is true or not, that you have been instigating one of the fathers at St. Oswald's—Father Jerome by name—to seek the expulsion of Father Basil, who is recently dead, from the monastery? Stop!" added he, as she seemed about to speak, "hear me out. Is it also true or not, that in so doing you mentioned me as a person who was scandalised by the presence and ministrations of a man who laboured under the imputation of a great crime? Did you also state, in particular, that on one or more occasions I have been heard to express my belief that Father Basil was a hypocrite and infamous?"

He paused. Mrs. Ogleby trembled violently; but at length gasped out a reply.

"Why do you ask me all this, Mr. Croft? What can be the meaning of these extraordinary questions?"

"The meaning," he said sternly, "is this, that Father Basil's life was embittered, and his death was hastened, by the reproaches that were addressed to him by Father Jerome; and that if it was you who instigated the latter to his unjustifiable conduct, you were, in a certain sense, the cause of Father Basil's death."

"But, Mr. Croft," cried Mrs. Ogleby, becoming more and more alarmed, "what have I done? Was not Father Basil a very wicked man? It is very shocking, I know, very shocking indeed; but did not he really deserve some very severe punishment? Is not death the legal punishment of murder?"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when he sprang from the sofa like one stung by a scorpion.



"Woman!" he cried aloud, "you have done me deadlier injury than my bitterest enemy could have invented. I had rather you had taken a knife and plunged it in my heart."

She cowered before him in dismay and terror; and as he was about to speak again, the door opened, and Father Ambrose entered the room.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is this? Shall I go? Your servant told me you expected me, and desired me to come up to you. Speak, Croft! are you ill? Good God, what is it, Mrs. Ogleby?" and he supported Croft, who was falling to the ground exhausted, and led him to the sofa.

"Bid her go," whispered Croft in the Father's ear.

The words reached Mrs. Ogleby, and she exclaimed—

"For God's sake don't drive me away. I will do any thing you tell me. Swear me to secrecy, if you like; I will swear any thing, or do any thing; but for mercy's sake don't send me away without explaining this dreadful mystery."

There was no acting on Mrs. Ogleby's part now; and as she stood with her hands clasped before Croft, there was something so intensely beseeching and humble in her countenance that he was touched with pity for her. He made no reply, however, but sat looking at her like one bewildered. Father Ambrose then spoke:

"I am completely in the dark as to the meaning of all this; but you must allow me to ask what possible right you can have to intrude on Mr. Croft's privacy when he is ill, and wishes you to leave him?"

"Oh, Father Ambrose," cried she, "have pity on me. You do not know all. You know nothing of why I am here. Oh, what am I saying? I am going wild with desperation."

"What *does* she mean?" exclaimed the Father, turning to Croft. "Did she come here by your desire, or what is it?"

"No! no! no!" cried Mrs. Ogleby, for once in her life endeavouring to shield another person from a false imputation; "I came here of my own accord; but I little knew what I was coming to hear from his lips. Look! look! Father Ambrose, he is dying; hold him up!" she exclaimed, as Croft appeared to be swooning away; "let me hold him. Oh, that my tongue had been cut from my mouth before I did this fatal work!"

And she threw herself on her knees before the fainting man, and, seizing his hands, began rubbing them with a wild tenderness that took off Father Ambrose's attention from Croft himself. At length a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he muttered to himself, "Is it possible? is it possible?"

Just then Croft began to revive, and finding his hands

between Mrs. Ogleby's, drew them violently away from her, with such a gesture of horror and disgust as made the poor woman almost sink back on the floor, and wrung from her an exclamation of anguish.

"My dear friend," said Father Ambrose to Croft, "do let me entreat you to control yourself. What has this lady done that so distresses and irritates you? For heaven's sake explain the mystery."

"What has she done!" echoed Croft; "she has slain the man whose life was dearer to me than my own. She has robbed me of all possibility of accomplishing that hope which alone has made life endurable to me for a moment. She has come an avenging devil to drive my misery deeper and deeper into my heart. But why do I say this? O my God, it is Thy hand! This miserable woman—yes, I see it!—this miserable woman brings Thy last call to me. Why should I longer delay? While I have lingered and sought peace from my own devices, *he* has died, and reparation is now impossible. O, spare me! spare me! I will do it at last! But that woman *must* go. I must speak to you alone."

Father Ambrose saw that it was no occasion for trifling, and he accordingly suggested to Mrs. Ogleby the necessity for her departure in a manner which insured her obedience. He also followed her from the room, and did not return to Croft till she had left the house. He found Croft, to a certain extent, externally calmed, but still labouring under an intense excitement of mind.

"I may as well tell you the chief part of what I have to say," he began, "merely as one friend to another; and leave you to judge how much or how little you must make public of it. Sit down on that chair, and listen. Father Basil," he continued, "was not guilty of the death of the Italian. It was I who killed him. His blood is on my head; and now the blood of the innocent man who is just dead is also on my head."

Exhausted by the immense effort he had been making, Croft was for some time unable to go on. The Father watched him in silent sadness and pity. At length he resumed:

"I did not intend to kill him. I met him accidentally, and he provoked me by his insulting language against all I held most dear. The man was a deeply-dyed villain, I believe; but it was not for me to return his insults with passion and reproaches. It ended in a blow which I gave him with a heavy stick, which felled him to the ground; and when I stooped to raised him, I found he was dying. The blow had fallen upon his temple; he had been drinking, and his brain



was in a most excited condition; and, to my indescribable horror, in a few minutes he was dead."

Again he paused, and rested to gather strength to continue.

"The whole weight of the charge that would lie against me instantly flashed on my mind. If I confessed to having struck the blow, there was no proof that I had not intended murder. My only chance was to drag the body away, and hide it as well as I could, and to say nothing of what had occurred. I did not notice that a rosary which I carried about me had fallen out from my pocket on the spot where I left the body; and this it was which told against poor Father Basil, as it was supposed that the rosary had belonged to him. The rosary had, in fact, been given to me by him; and this little circumstance apparently added to the black-heartedness with which I suffered him to bear the imputation of being the murderer.

"It was miserable enough to have killed a fellow-creature unintentionally; but my great misery began when I yielded to the devil's temptation not to confess it. My conscience bade me go instantly to a priest; but I shrank from the avowal. I felt that I could not prove that I had not meant murder; but even without that, the dread of confessing what was so openly in violation of the Christian character kept me silent. I put off going, and put it off again; till at last I sank into that state that I had almost forgotten what I was doing. Meanwhile the charge was being fastened on Father Basil, and I began to feel the numbing influence of my violation of my duty. I was horror-struck at finding him thought guilty of my crime; but every day the meshes that held me in grew tighter and tighter, and from that day to this I have never knelt in the confessional. Truly my life has been a hell upon earth.

"Then I took to trying to gain peace by means of austerities of the severest kind; and when I found that they were injuring my health and were sowing the seeds of mortal disease, I took a kind of maddened pleasure in thus punishing myself in my own way, blindly fancying that God would accept this in place of that repentance and obedience which He Himself had enjoined. I have spent five-sixths of my income on the poor and in offerings to the Church. Night and day have I tended the sick and laboured for the suffering; but the more I have done, the more miserable I have grown. And my greatest misery has been when I have been in the immediate presence of Him whose Blood I felt that I was shedding afresh. I could not dare to come near the altar when the Blessed

Sacrament was there. When Jesus has approached me, especially when borne in the hands of that innocent man who was suffering for my crime, more than once I have been driven to perfect frenzy, and felt as if I must die upon the spot. O my God! what have I done to Thee? Why have I hardened myself against Thee?"

Father Ambrose now gently took the unhappy man's hand, pressed it, striving hard to repress the tears that he felt ready to overflow. Then, without saying a word, he took from his own person a small crucifix, laid it on a table, and placed a chair by its side. Croft arose, knelt, forgot the friend in the Father, and through the Father poured forth his burdened soul to the eternal Father in heaven.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

WHEN Mrs. Ogleby returned to Burleigh, her reception was not exactly what she had been hitherto accustomed to. It so happened that Sir Reginald Somerset was in the habit of keeping a diary, in which he briefly but magniloquently noted down the events of each day as it passed. The baronet had at times perused with profound interest the illustrations of the family economy and private life of great people of former times, which the labours of antiquaries have occasionally given to the world, drawn from their household-books and divers similar private memoranda. And it was partly in the hope that some such happy lot might one day befall his own journals, that he diligently set down all the small events of Burleigh Manor, and the incidents that befell himself. Any thing that happens to a Somerset, he was wont to say to his wife, must be worth recording; and on this principle he sedulously acted.

Now when Mr. Sharp, the solicitor before mentioned, learned from Sir Reginald that he had never received the letter he had written, warning him of the insecurity of the proposed investment of Miss Somerset's fortune, it was but natural that he should institute rigid inquiries in order to account for so disagreeable an occurrence. The result of his investigations was, that he was morally convinced that the letter had been posted, and had not been lost in the post. And he entreated Sir Reginald to institute similar inquiries among his own household. In doing this, Sir Reginald of course had immediate recourse to his diary, to ascertain whether any thing



remarkable had happened on the day that the letter ought to have reached him. Assisted by the suggestions of his daughter, and by an entry in the said journal, he soon remembered that he had been summoned from the room when the letters were received by his gamekeeper, and that Mrs. Ogleby had had the first inspection of the letters. Upon the establishment of this point, it suddenly struck him that he had undoubtedly seen letters addressed to Mrs. Ogleby in a handwriting very like that of Mr. Sharp; and after some difficulty he was persuaded by his daughter to write to Mr. Sharp a letter in which it should be incidentally mentioned that a lady of the name of Ogleby was staying at Burleigh. A reply was received by return of post, conveying, in the plainest terms, the opinion of Mr. Sharp, that the said Mrs. Ogleby was a very suspicious personage, and not what she professed herself to be. This letter came the very day that the events related in the last chapter took place; and while Mrs. Ogleby was engaged at Croft's, Miss Somerset and her father were engaged in coming to some decision as to what was to be done.

When, accordingly, Mrs. Ogleby reached Burleigh, she received a request from Mary that she would oblige her with a few minutes' conversation in private. Shaken as her nerves were by the scene she had just witnessed, she was unable to control the feelings of alarm with which she heard this message, and she proceeded to meet Miss Somerset with no slight trepidation. She sat down, and endeavoured to open the interview in a lively strain, but signally failed.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Sharp of —, I believe," said Mary, paying no heed to Mrs. Ogleby's remarks, and fixing her eyes upon her with a most unpleasant steadiness.

Mrs. Ogleby was convinced that her hour was come; but she had no idea of yielding without a struggle.

"I am," she said; "he is a man whom my family have occasionally employed. I believe he is a good sort of man at bottom, but rather credulous; and my father was obliged to cease employing him; and I know he did not soon forget it, and bears us malice in consequence."

"Indeed!" remarked Miss Somerset. "You will excuse the minuteness of my questions, Mrs. Ogleby, for an event has occurred which makes them necessary for your sake as well as ours. Have you ever received any letters from this Mr. Sharp during your visit here?"

"Yes, one or two on little matters of business."

"Did you happen to notice whether any letters came for my father, addressed in Mr. Sharp's handwriting, on the day when you looked over the letters by yourself?"

And Mary's gaze became so very fixed and disagreeable, that Mrs. Ogleby could scarcely restrain her inclination to rush from the room. She hesitated, said she thought not, and then that she thought there were ; and finally broke out into a feigned passion of virtuous indignation, and declaring that she would not be insulted by such questions, left Miss Somerset to her meditations.

The same day, when dinner-time came, Mrs. Ogleby was not to be found. All that could be learnt respecting her was, that she had gone out walking, and no one had seen her return. The following morning brought an extremely cool and impertinent note from her to Sir Reginald, desiring him to send her luggage—which was discovered all packed in her bedroom—to an address which she gave ; and stating that Miss Somerset's insulting language had been such that she could endure it no longer. What finally became of Mrs. Ogleby the Somerset family never knew. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that she contrived to spread reports concerning them of the most annoying description ; and, in particular, that it was generally supposed that the loss of Miss Somerset's large fortune had been caused by the gambling propensities of her father, and that she herself was dying for love of Lord Pangbourne, whom she had attempted to inveigle into a marriage under the pretence that she was still a wealthy heiress.

Great was the amazement produced at Burleigh and in the neighbourhood when Croft's story was at length made known. Dozens of wiseacres immediately protested that they had suspected as much all along ; and of those who had been the foremost in maintaining the guilt of Father Basil, more than one was for instigating immediate legal proceedings against Croft for the death of Bertini. They might possibly have carried their threats into execution, but for the fact that in a short time Croft was understood to have left England. Father Ambrose was of opinion that his probable destination would be some religious house observing a rule of the severest kind. He was clearly a man of extraordinary strength of character ; and it was not likely that he would ever have found life in the world at all tolerable. The mortifications he had practised in his vain hope of gaining peace of conscience were terrible. The recent marked advance of disease in his constitution had, to a great extent, resulted from his practice of wearing a sharp iron belt round his waist, which had caused a continual irritation, fostered by the misery of his mind, and would ultimately have brought on consumption. The agonies he had endured from this cause



had been frightful; and Father Ambrose recollected how, on one occasion, when he had attempted to hold him up when falling, the touch of his arm had manifestly caused a paroxysm of pain absolutely unbearable. For such a character as this, the austerities of a severe religious rule, when undergone as a matter of obedience, and with a conscience reconciled to God, were almost a necessity; and no one at St. Oswald's was surprised when it was known that Croft was hidden from the world and would never more appear in it.

In making the arrangements which had been required with Sir Reginald, consequent on his giving up his agency, Croft had become acquainted with the loss of Miss Somerset's fortune; and fancying that possibly he might have prevented it, had his mind not been preoccupied with his own wretchedness, he made up his mind to convey to her his own claims on the Burleigh property for money lent to her father. But when he came to talk it over with Father Ambrose, as a friend of the Somersets, he found him convinced that the baronet's pride would never tolerate such an arrangement, at least during Croft's lifetime.

"Well, what shall I do with it?" inquired Croft. "I shall certainly dispose of the bulk of what I have, which is much less than is supposed, before I go; and I wish to give it to somebody who wants it."

"Give it to our ex-novice, young Longford," said the Father. "You know he has no vocation, and has just gone back to his mother; and he's a fine young fellow, who will make a good man of the world, though he would never have made a religious like his brother. I can't say more, without a breach of confidence; but if you really want my advice, this is what I would suggest."

Croft was not without certain shrewd suspicions as to the reasons which induced Father Ambrose to make this proposition to him; for he had observed more of what went on at Burleigh than people gave him credit for; and, after a little more discussion, he agreed to the proposal.

A year passed away, and the stately rooms of Burleigh Manor were enlivened with the preparations for a wedding. From the day when Sir Reginald learnt that his own eagerness to increase his daughter's fortune had caused the loss of it all, he had been slowly acquiring a habit of allowing her to be happy in her own way, and was fast coming to believe it within the limits of possibility that the head of the Somerset family could make a mistake.

When the younger Longford left St. Oswald's, he began gradually to resume his old custom of visiting at Burleigh;

and though nothing whatever was said on the subject, it was clear to every one that the baronet suspected an attachment between that young gentleman and his daughter Mary. He had ascertained by sundry crafty, and as he fancied unobserved inquiries, that Longford's worldly possessions would ultimately—especially now that his elder brother had left the world—be respectable; and the fact that he was become the possessor of claims to a certain portion of Burleigh, gave him an importance in the eyes of the baronet of no mean weight. The end of it all was, that before the year was over he yielded his consent to the marriage in terms which might have suited the matrimonial negotiations of an emperor.

The elder Longford had been professed long before the marriage of his brother came about. The course of his novitiate was uniform from the beginning to the end. As it drew towards its close, for a short time every difficulty he had felt seemed to rise up again before him more alarmingly than ever. The more frightening, however, they seemed to the imagination, the more intense became that indescribable longing to consecrate himself to the religious life, of which he had all along been conscious. Before the day for taking the vows every doubt and fear had vanished; and on the morning of his profession his mother herself was finally and fully reconciled to what he was doing, by the sight of the serene joy and silent happiness which his countenance and voice displayed.

"After all," she exclaimed, when the ceremonial was over, "I suppose it really *is* the better part that he has chosen."

On the day of her younger son's wedding she shed no tears, and was right well pleased and happy; but her memory recurred to the day when she had seen her elder boy kneeling before the Father Superior, and heard the irrevocable vows proceed from his lips; and she decided that throughout her life it would supply the sweeter memories to her mother's heart.

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## Reviews.

### MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

*Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*; e codd. mss. edidit et annotationibus illustravit F. Jos. Mone, Archivii Carlsruhensis præfectus. 3 tom. Friburgii Brisgoviae, sumpt. Herder.

IN these degenerate days we appropriate the name of "siren" to any young lady of captivating voice and bewitching coun-



tenance who employs her skill and her smiles in weaving meshes round the hearts of susceptible young men. This is, however, by no means the idea which old Homer gives us of them. Modern young men would call his sirens "blues." It was not, as Cicero remarks, by the sweetness of their voices, or by the novelty and variety of their melody, that they charmed the sailors who came within ear-shot, and inveigled them to their destruction; but by the profession of wisdom, and by working on the innate desire of knowing. "Stop," they sang to Ulysses, "stop thy ship, and listen to our voice; for never did any one sail by without first listening to our sweet music; then he goes away delighted, and knowing more than he did; *for we know all things.*" (*Odyss.*  $\mu'$ . 184.) For it is true that the first beauty of which the infant soul, whether of the child, or of the man in early stages of civilisation, becomes enamoured is knowledge. Her first love is science; her first lust is for the fair fruit that will make her wise; her first poetry is the word of teaching and revelation. The Muse, now reckoned to be the power that presides over the fine arts and the beautiful, was originally, as Homer tells us, "the science of good and evil;" a science which afterwards came to be called divination. At first the Muse, with her *carmina* and incantations, was the power of divining the meaning of auspices and signs. This was, as Vico shows, the beginning of knowledge in all nations, and amounted to an inquiry into the nature and action of God under the attribute of Providence. To divine was to know the essence and character of this providence; and the first masters of the science were called indifferently poets or creators, and *vates* or prophets.

It would be curious to trace the steps by which the name "poetry" gradually passed from the substance to the form, till we now estimate the Muse rather by her feet than by her head, rather by rhyme (and rhythm) than by reason. Suffice it here to say, that the knowledge which primitive man seeks is rather what we should even still call a poetical knowledge than the statistical, mathematical, and analytical accounts of things with which we now cram our brains. In those days the end of knowledge was to form, or inform, the soul; now, it is to give the hands power to form, to transform, and to use matter. Words have power over the soul, though they have none over the body; and while the soul is the great object of all science, the verbal form of the science is most important. The choice and the disposition of the words is the chief element of the virtue of the formula which has to affect the mind and the soul; whereas the form of words which has to convey intelligence of the facts of physical science is of very

little consequence, except that the more tabular and mathematical it can be made, the clearer and more available will it be found to be. To speak to the heart, words must have some of the elements of poetry; to speak to that reason which is the mere extension and development of our senses, the more words are stripped of all poetical character, the fitter they will be for their purpose.

Now religion tends to produce that state of the several faculties of the soul which makes it a true image of God; it is the science which teaches the soul to contemplate God as reflected and imaged forth in its own internal mirror. It is, then, the highest and most universal subject for all poetry; for the great aim of religious utterance is to charm forth and to draw out from the depths of our soul those characteristics which serve to make it a true resemblance and an accurate mirror of the divine nature; and it is just these very characteristics of the soul which are its organs for the perception of the beautiful and sublime. When our deepest faculties first waken and rouse themselves, when our ideas of power, of wisdom, of goodness, and of mystery first crop out from the material life of childhood, poetry and religion are at once born in the soul. Then we feel that the mere enumeration of the attributes of God is the most heart-stirring poetry. Thus Mr. Froude somewhere tells an anecdote of a child who had taken refuge in a hole in a cliff from the advancing tide, and was found by its distracted friends reciting the Creed in a loud voice, as if in defiance of the waves which were beginning to wash into the cave. In like manner Longinus enumerates among the greatest examples of sublimity that he had found the words of the Hebrew lawgiver, which simply recite the first act of God, "God said, Light be, and light was; be earth made, and the earth was made." We have heard a clerical convert from Anglicanism declare that the only thing in the "incomparable liturgy" of that sect that could ever draw tears from his eyes was the occasionally-recited Athanasian Creed. We can quite understand how this dry and technical enumeration of apparently contradictory characteristics may have all the effect of sublimity to a mind endowed with enough faith to recognise that it is a description of the divine nature; for, after all, the one standard of beauty and sublimity is that the beautiful object should speak to us of God.

Though different men are moved by different objects; though one man reckons one thing beautiful which another reckons ugly, one person feels awe-struck before the sublimity of an object which another regards with contempt,—yet the affection, the faculty, the chord of the soul which these



different things, which are called beautiful, move and play upon, is one and the same in all men. The sublimity is not in the outward object alone, but in the object as perceived by the soul, or rather in the relationship between the two, or still better in the new idea to which this relationship gives rise. This new idea may be ultimately reduced to that of God. All those objects, whatever they are, are beautiful and sublime, which to any man's soul speak of God; which by a thrill of the spirit, or a vibration of the heart, call forth a sudden pulsation of love, of admiration, or of awe, in regard to some person or power who is presumed to be hidden behind the veil of the beautiful or sublime object which moves him, and who speaks to him through it.

God, then, is the ultimate reason of beauty, and all things are beautiful which reveal Him to us or remind us of Him, which excite a throb of love in our hearts, and make us feel as if we were brought into the presence of something without which our life is imperfect and our nature incomplete, deprived of which the heart must always feel lost, lonely, and unhappy. Different men and different nations may have different ideals of material beauty, just as they have different languages; some of these ideals may be rude, inharmonious, barbarous, and contemptible, just as the language of some nations is clumsy, inartificial, unmelodious, and even ludicrous; but still, as the most barbarous tongue is still a language, is still really significant of the human soul and of its various powers and faculties, so is also the human ideal of natural and material beauty, whether we take the Chinese or Greek, the Maori or Italian, whatever national type of the beautiful we take,—it is to the understanding and mind of that people the dumb language of nature speaking to the soul about the loveliness of God.

The first intention of poetry is to instruct in wisdom; and there is a wisdom which, when expressed, must always be poetical, and that is, the knowledge of God and of divine things. These two propositions united show us clearly that the early identification of the poet, the prophet, and the divine is founded in the very depths of our nature, and therefore on a feeling which must be as active and as powerful now as it was in the dawn of civilisation. As Dante selects Virgil for his master in all human wisdom, so in the middle ages the learned sciences were taught at Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Piacenza, and Venice, by professors who had to take the poems of Dante as their text. This, however, was only a partial manifestation of a universal idea. In those ages, in almost all schools, theology was taught by means of hymns; and the

names of numbers of writers, both Latin and Greek, might be produced, who composed commentaries on these hymns, the explanation of which was the chief part of the Christian instruction which the boys then received. It is to us a great question whether we have gained any thing by the loss of this rhythmical form of teaching; it seems to us to stand to reason, that a science like theology, where so much depends on the accuracy of the verbal symbol, is most naturally, most easily, and most permanently impressed on the mind in forms similar to those used in the middle ages, when the abstract of every art and science was put into verse, and the elements of all learning were always ready, almost at the fingers' ends, in a short *memoria technica*. We cannot believe that the practical utility of this course has ceased with the middle ages; the human mind and its faculties have not changed since the great schism of the West. Father Faber, who has had a wide experience both of rustics and of citizens, of Catholics and heretics, gives an unequivocal testimony that hymns have not lost a whit of their power. "There is scarcely any thing," he says, in his preface to his *Jesus and Mary*, "that takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one who has had experience among the English poor knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. . . . Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney hymns. . . . The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The cantiques of the French missions, and the *laudi spirituali* of Italy, are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary."

But this is not that particular use of hymns to which we now wish to call attention. No doubt singing and vociferation are invaluable instruments in raising the amount of heat considered indispensable for a useful mission or retreat. No doubt, too, hymns may be very good party-songs in times when the public mind is agitated on religious questions. It was in such circumstances that St. Ephrem Syrus opposed his rhythms to the popular heretical hymns of Bardesanes; so Arius, in "loose Sotadean verse," "wrote songs for the sea and for the mill and for the road, and then set them to suitable music;" though the specimen of his Thalia that St. Athanasius has preserved for us is rather (except where it is mere brag) of the instructive didactic form than of the loose and



passionate character for which it is blamed; and though the great theological Fathers (with the partial exception of St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Ambrose) did not deliver their teaching in verse, yet in the most exact of them there is observable a kind of epigrammatic way of writing, a peculiar balanced form of sentence, a kind of rhythmical antithesis, such as that with which all readers of St. Augustine are so familiar, whole periods of whose writings are sometimes found transplanted bodily into the hymns and sequences of the middle ages.

There is no doubt that the antithetical form is that which fixes itself most strongly on the memory: a doctrine summed up in a rhythmical antithesis is indelible; such a formula, for instance, as that in which the doctrine of the Trinity is summed up: "The Father is the One God, the Son is the One God, and the Holy Ghost is the One God; yet the Father is not the Son, the Son is not the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost is not the Father,"—which will be found not only to comprehend all that is known positively concerning the mystery, but also to have the additional virtue of pointing out precisely where the mystery lies—where exactly is the point of apparent contradiction, beyond which no investigation can hope to reach. It was exactly this kind of formulæ which the didactic hymnographers of the middle ages so laboriously excogitated, and so felicitously expressed in their jingling Latin. And it is precisely these didactic, symbolic, philosophic, theological hymns which, with little fear of contradiction, we pronounce to be generally beautiful, often positively sublime.

The collection of hymns before us is derived chiefly from German sources; and contains, as might be expected, very numerous examples of the spirit which manifested itself in Thomas à Kempis, the "Friends of God," and the authors of the *Theologia Germanica*. But in this place we do not intend to produce any specimens of the subjective psychological class of hymns, but simply of the objective theological ones; in order, chiefly, that those of our readers who take any interest in the matter, may be led to consider whether this form may be adapted to Anglo-Saxon thoughts and feelings; whether, in a word, this style of hymn may be popularised in England. Father Faber has scarcely tried it; perhaps his fourth hymn, "The Eternal Spirit," is the only one in which there is any distinct attempt to embody any scientific theological teaching; and in this there has been no endeavour to imitate the close compression and startling antithesis of the hymns of the middle ages. Of this, however, we may be certain,—if the thing is to be done at all, it must grow up

naturally; a single poet must not sit down with the intention of providing for the want, must not publish his book, put it under the protection of the copyright-law, reserve the right of translation, and name the hymns by his own name. There must be neither pride of authorship nor fear of plagiarism; there must be the simple honest endeavour to provide from any source which presents itself the kind of thing which is wanted. Before Father Caswall published his *Lyra Catholica*, or translation of the hymns of the Church, he caused his manuscript to be circulated among his friends, and requested them to suggest whatever corrections might strike them as necessary or convenient. The same thing should go on after publication; no priest, no congregation should scruple to introduce into the hymns that are adopted whatever changes seem desirable. For if ever didactic hymns, similar to those of the middle ages, are to become popular, they must grow up with use; they must be the popular expression of an accurately known and understood theological science. Such a science depends, both for its genesis and for its preservation, on the accuracy of the formulæ in which it is delivered: it is not like physical science, the results of which may remain in the memory and imagination as coloured pictures, and in which accordingly the words go for very little; it is not like the naturalistic physiology of materialist writers, who wish to destroy all idea of mental science, and consequently contend with M. Beyle that an author has attained perfection of style when readers remember his ideas without being able to recal his phrases,—just as we reckon that man the best dressed whom we are not compelled to notice or to stare at as he passes, and as healthy vitality consists in the being unconscious of effort in the use of our organs; but it is one of those moral sciences where the perfection of the phraseology is of the very first importance, because we cannot have any other symbol of the things than the verbal one: all physical facts can be represented in shape and colour in the fancy; moral and spiritual facts can only be retained in the memory and imagination in connection with the verbal symbol in which they are delivered.

Accordingly in these mediæval hymns we find the boldest plagiarism, the most laborious working upon a few ideas, turning them into all shapes, expressing them in all manners. Take, as an instance, the way in which the authors continually apply the text of St. Paul, “of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things.” First, we have the simple application to the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity:



No. 16.

Trinitas,  
Ex qua nostra conditio,  
Per quam nostra redemptio,  
In qua nostra remissio  
Erit et gloriatio.

The Trinity,  
From whom we have our being,  
Through whom our redemption,  
In whom we shall have pardon  
And glorification.

Then the same idea refined; the more technical words, *principium*, *remedium*, and *solatium*, applied to the office of the Three Persons:

No. 19.

Ex Te vitæ principium,  
Per Te vitæ remedium,  
In Te vitæ solatium:  
Da nobis vitæ præmium.

From Thee is the principle of our life,  
Through Thee the medicine of life,  
In Thee the comfort of life:  
Grant to us the reward of life.

Then perhaps a still closer application of the doctrine to the individual soul, in a hymn the first stanza of which makes good use of the well-known patristic distinction between the image and similitude of God in the soul of man:

No. 20.

Trinitas, lumen luminum,  
Illumina cor hominum,  
Tuam similitudinem  
Reformans ad imaginem.

O Trinity, Light of lights,  
Illuminate the heart of man,  
Reinstating the likeness of Thee  
To be again Thy image.

Ex Te mens nostra fulgeat,  
Et in Te vota compleat,  
Ad Te per Te se dirigat,  
Credens, sperans, Te diligat.

From Thee may our mind have its light,  
And in Thee may it fulfil its desires;  
To Thee, through Thee may it tend,  
In faith and in hope may it love Thee.

No. 21.

Deus, de nullo veniens,  
Deus, de Deo prodiens,  
Deus, ab his progrediens,  
Veni nos salvos faciens.

God, derived from none,  
God, issue of God,  
God, proceeding from these two,  
Come to save us.

Pater, cunctorum Domine,  
Cum Genito de Virgine,  
Intus et in circuitu,  
Nos rege Sancto Spiritu.

Father, Lord of all things,  
With Him that was born of the Virgin,  
Within and round about us,  
Govern us by Thy Holy Spirit.

Regendo, clemens corrige,  
Et corrigendo dirige,  
Dirigendo nos erige,  
Et cum electis collige.

Govern us, and correct us in mercy,  
Correct us, and set us right,  
Set us right, and lift us up,  
And gather us with Thine elect.

In the second stanza of No. 20 it is manifest that the second line is susceptible of improvement; it is not so technically expressive of the relationship of God the Son to the soul as the first and third lines are of that of the Father and the Holy Spirit: we should have no hesitation, and we do not think that any mediæval writer would have felt any, in substituting some such line as

“ In Te medelam inveniatis,”

or any other that would express the relation of the Redeemer to the soul.

As a specimen of the doctrinal accuracy at which the mediæval writers aimed, we need only refer to the *Lauda Sion* of St. Thomas Aquinas, which certainly sums up the whole doctrine of the Eucharist. The following fragment, though deficient in flow and rhythm, and even in happy choice of words, is a favourable specimen of the same accuracy with regard to the doctrine of the Trinity :

## No. 13.

Pater de Se principio  
Suam gignit imaginem,  
Nullo tamen initio  
Hanc præcedit originem.

Ab æterno procedere,  
De illis Flamen creditur,  
Quod largifluo munere  
Amantibus infunditur.

Coæterni sunt penitus,  
Et æquales per omnia,  
Pater, Verbum, et Spiritus,  
Una simplex substantia.

Singulus est in reliquis,  
Et omnes sunt identitas,  
Et ubi horum aliquis  
Illic est tota Trinitas.

Arcani tanti latebras  
Mentis non capit visio ;  
Sed sola pellens tenebras  
Fides et docens unctio.

The Father from Himself, as the fountain  
and root,  
Begets His own image,  
But by no interval of time  
Does He precede this origin.

From eternity proceeding,  
From them we confess the Holy Ghost,  
Who with abundant gift  
Is infused into hearts that love.

These are entirely coeternal,  
And in all things equal,  
The Father, the Word, and the Spirit,  
One simple substance.

Each is in the others,  
And all are one single thing,  
And wherever one of them is,  
There is the whole Trinity.

The mystery of such a secret  
The powers of our mind cannot embrace ;  
The only thing that can drive away the ob-  
scurity  
Is faith, and the teaching unction (of the  
Spirit).

But the most wonderful of these hymns seems to us to be one which appears to have been composed by Conrad, prior of the Carthusian convent of Marienthron at Gaming in Austria. It is in three portions ; one of which is dedicated to each Person of the Blessed Trinity. We have only space for the first of these :

Alpha et Ω, magne Deus,  
Heli, Heli, Deus meus,  
Cujus virtus totum posse,  
Cujus sensus totum nosse,  
Cujus esse summum bonum,  
Cujus opus quidquid bonum—  
Super cuncta, subter cuncta,  
Extra cuncta, intra cuncta,  
Intra cuncta, nec inclusus,  
Extra cuncta, nec exclusus,  
Super cuncta, nec elatus,  
Subter cuncta, nec substratus.

Alpha and Omega, mighty God,  
Heli, Heli, God my God,  
Whose power is almighty,  
Whose sense is all-wise,  
Whose essence is the highest good,  
Whose work is all that is good—  
Over all things, under all things,  
Outside all things, inside all things,  
Inside all things, but not shut in,  
Outside all things, not shut out,  
Over all things, not lifted up,  
Under all things, not spread beneath them.



Super totum præsidendo,  
Subter toto sustinendo,  
Extra totum complectendo,  
Intra totum es implendo.  
Intra nusquam coarctaris,  
Extra nusquam dilataris,  
Subter nullo fatigaris,  
Super nullo sustentaris.  
Mundum movens, non moveris;  
Locum tenens, non teneris;  
Tempus mutans, non mutaris;  
Vaga firmans, non vagaris.  
Vis externa, vel necesse  
Non alternat tuum esse;  
Heri nostrum, cras, et pridem,  
Semper tibi nunc et idem,  
Tuum, Deus, hodiernum,  
Indivisum, sempiternum.  
In hoc totum prævidisti,  
Totum simul perfecisti,  
Ad exemplar summæ mentis  
Formam præstans elementis.

Over the universe by ruling it,  
Under it by sustaining it,  
Outside it by embracing it,  
Inside it by filling it.  
Within Thou art nowhere straitened,  
Without Thou art nowhere dissipated,  
Beneath Thou art not wearied,  
Above nothing sustains Thee.  
Thou movest the world, but art not moved;  
Thou comprehendest space, it comprehends  
not Thee;  
Thou changest time, it changes not Thee;  
Thou fixest the transient, but Thou passest  
not.  
External force or necessity  
Alters not Thy being;  
Our yesterday, our to-morrow, our former  
time,  
Is always to Thee now and the same,  
Is, O God, Thy to-day,  
Undivided, everlasting;  
In this Thou didst foresee all things,  
In this Thou didst at once perfect all things,  
After the model of the Divine mind  
Giving form to the elements.

This we feel to be positively sublime. Elsewhere the doctrine of the Incarnation is treated with the same accuracy as that of the Trinity is here. We will give two specimens; the first a fragment of a hymn printed from a Ms. of the eighth or ninth century:

A matre natus tempore,  
Sed sempiternus a patre,  
Duabus in substantiis,  
Persona sola est numinis.

Venit Deus factus homo  
Nitescat ut cultu novo,  
Renatus in nato Deo,  
Factus novus vetus homo.

Ut vitrum non læditur  
Sole penetrante,  
Sic illæsa creditur  
Virgo post et ante.

No. 31.

Born from His mother in time,  
But of His Father from eternity;  
Two in substances,  
One is the Person of our God.

God-made-man comes  
To adorn with a new worship,  
Regenerate in the generate God,  
The old man made new.

No. 47.

As the glass is not broken  
By the sunbeam that passes through,  
So we believe that the Virgin was unhurt  
Before and after the birth.

And the second a magnificent composition, attributed to St. Ambrose, and still to be found in the Cistercian Breviary. Whoever was the author, he was a real poet:

Intende, qui regis Israel,  
Super cherubin qui sedes,  
Appare Ephrem, coram excita  
Potentiam tuam, et veni!

No. 30.

Stoop, Thou that rulest Israel,  
Thou that sittest on the cherubim,  
Show Thyself to Ephraim, make manifest  
Thy power, and come!

Veni, Redemptor gentium,  
Ostende partum Virginis !  
Miretur omne sæculum ;  
Talis decet partus Deum !

Non ex virili semine,  
Sed mystico spiramine,  
Verbum Dei factum est caro,  
Fructusque ventris floruit.

Alvus tumescit Virginis,  
Claustum pudoris permanet,  
Vexilla virtutis micant,  
Versatur in Templo Deus !

Procedit e thalamo suo,  
Pudoris aulâ regiâ,  
Geminæ gigas substantiæ  
Alacris ut currat viam.

Egressus ejus a Patre,  
Regressus ejus ad Patrem ;  
Excursus usque ad inferos,  
Recursus ad sedem Dei !

Æqualis æterno Patri,  
Carnis trophæo cingere ;  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Præsepe jam fulget tuum,  
Lumenque nox sperat novum,  
Quod nulla nox interpolet,  
Fideque jugi luceat.

Come, O Redeemer of the nations,  
Show forth the Virgin birth !  
Let every age wonder ;  
Such a birth is worthy of God !

Not by the seed of man,  
But by the mystic breath of the Spirit,  
The Word of God was made Flesh,  
And the fruit of the womb grew.

The Virgin's womb teems,  
The seal of virginity remains ;  
The banners of the Mighty One glitter ;  
God comes to His Temple !

He proceeds from his chamber,  
The royal hall of chastity,  
As a giant of two natures  
Rejoicing to run his course.

His going forth is from the Father,  
His return is to the Father ;  
His outward course is even to hell,  
And back to the throne of God !

Equal to the eternal Father,  
Gird about Thee the triumphal garment of  
flesh ;  
The weakness of our body  
Strengthen with all-enduring virtue.

Now does Thy crib shine forth,  
And our night expects a new light,  
Which no darkness shall interrupt,  
Which shall shine with unchangeable fidelity.

We have translated the last stanza but one as if it was written *cinge te* instead of *cingere* ; it might also be *cingitur* ; the infinitive is, to say the least, very awkward.

We will lastly give a few stanzas of a hymn "On the gratuitous condescension of God to man," which contains a short and complete sketch of the scheme of religion and of salvation :

In abyssso Deitatis  
Finxi te de nihilo,  
Summæ quoque Trinitatis,  
Signavi signaculo ;  
Tuque liber præ creatis,  
Comparatus angelo :  
Tam nobilis es homo !

In loco te voluptatis  
Gloriosum posui,  
Per ministrum falsitatis,  
Deceptum condolui ;  
Vesteque simplicitatis  
Nudatum te vestii :  
Sic homo pro te fui !

In the abyss of my Godhead  
I created thee out of nothing ;  
And I signed thee with the sign  
Of the Supreme Trinity ;  
And thou hast liberty (unlike the rest of  
creation)  
Like the angels,  
So noble art thou, O man !

I placed thee in glory,  
In the paradise of delights ;  
When by the minister of falsehood  
Thou wast deceived, I grieved for thee ;  
When thou hadst lost the garment  
Of innocence, I clothed thee :  
Thus, O man, was I on thy side !



Te juste quamvis fugavi  
De loco lætitiæ,  
Nequaquam tamen privavi  
Spe misericordiæ;  
Nam suo prædestinavi  
Salvare te tempore:  
Hinc homo dilige me!

Satana semper damnato  
Nasci pro te volui;  
Malo nullo perpetrato,  
Pœnam pro te subii,  
Me circumciso, oblato,  
Legem non præterii:  
Scis homo cur id egi?

Quid faciendum non feci,  
Homo cum hominibus?  
Te docui, te perfecì,  
Verbis et operibus,  
Corporis mei refeci,  
Mysticis te dapibus;  
Quid homo vis amplius?

Spretus eram et abjectus  
Veluti vas perditum,  
Sputis et plagis affectus,  
Mala ferens omnium;  
Ut reprobus, non electus  
In oculis hominum;  
Id homo pro te totum!

Pro te pedes, pro te manus,  
Perfossæ sævissime,  
Spinis caput, ense latus,  
Vulneratum impie,  
Felleque pro te potatus  
Crucifixus undique;  
Sic homo dilexi te!

Quia pro te pauper natus,  
Tu ditaris meritis;  
Quia pro te cruciatus,  
Tu quitaris debitis;  
Et quia glorificatus,  
Coronaris præmiis;  
Quid homo mihi pro his?

Though I justly chased thee  
From the place of pleasure,  
Yet I by no means deprived thee  
Of the hope of mercy;  
For I predestined thy salvation  
In its own due time:  
Therefore, O man, love me!

I condemned Satan once for all,  
But I became incarnate for thee;  
Though I did no evil,  
I suffered punishment for thee;  
I was circumcised, I was offered,  
I evaded not the law:  
Knowest thou, O man, why I did this?

What could be done, that I did not,  
By man to man?  
I taught thee, I fully supplied thy wants  
In word and in deed.  
I fed thee with the mystic food  
Of my own body;  
What, O man, wouldst thou more?

I was despised and rejected,  
Like a broken vessel;  
Spit upon and smitten,  
Bearing the reproaches of all men,  
As a reprobate, a castaway  
In the eyes of men:  
That, O man, was all for thee!

For thee My feet, for thee My hands,  
Were cruelly pierced through,  
With thorns My head, with the spear My  
side,  
Were barbarously wounded;  
For thee was gall given Me to drink,  
For thee was I crucified between two thieves;  
Thus, O man, did I love thee!

For I was born in poverty for thee,  
That thou mightest be rich in merits;  
I was tortured for thee,  
That thou mightest be quit of thy debts;  
I was glorified,  
That thou mightest be crowned with thy  
reward:  
What recompense, O man, wilt thou make  
for this?

We do not bring this forward as a specimen of classical or even of elegant mediæval latinity; but there is a condensation, a force, an energy, and a point about this monkish Latin, that one looks for in vain in the periods of Cicero, or in the flow of Virgil or Ovid. It was not in vain that the schoolmen sharpened the weapons of their subtle polemics: the Latin language has come out from their hands with quite a new spirit, a new form; in a word, a new dialect, which, as a mere instrument of abstract metaphysical thought, is infi-

nitely superior in precision to its classical parent. The scholastic Latin was the means of polishing the vulgar *patois*; it took the rough vague Celtic or Teutonic expressions, dressed them in Roman terminations, filtered them through its dialectical sieve, and finally restored them to the vernacular tongues, cleared, sharpened, defined, and prepared for the use of the civilised intelligence. "To the schoolmen," says Sir William Hamilton, the first of English writers for depth and accuracy, "the vulgar languages are principally indebted for what precision and analytic subtlety they possess." (*Discussions*, p. 5, note.) So for the first poetical characteristics of our modern tongues; they are but literal imitations, mere musical variations of the Latin poetry of the mediæval schools. It was almost a matter of indifference for Dante and Petrarch, whether they expressed their sublime, their subtle, and their tender thoughts in Latin, or in the vernacular Italian; they formed the vernacular, by forcing it to express what their immediate predecessors had expressed in the Latin of the schools. Our vulgar tongues, as first formed by the fathers of modern poetry, were in words, almost in construction, literal translations of the then current Latin; it is as though the writers thought in the learned language, and translated their thought into that of the people as they wrote. Even still the scholastic Latin has a relation to our modern languages which the classical Latin lacks: take up Cicero, and try to turn his sentences, word for word, into English, retaining his arrangement; it is quite impossible to do so; but it is comparatively easy to read off page after page of St. Thomas into the simplest and most intelligible French, and into tolerable English, with scarcely an alteration in the construction of his sentences. The real treasure-house of the sublimities of Dante and Shakespeare is to be sought, not in the classical poets, but in the imaginative productions of the persons who wrote the ecclesiastical hymns. The Protestant version of the Bible owes its sublimity to the same source; the more faithfully it follows the versions of mediæval times (for we suppose that every one knows that such existed), the more sublime it is; the more it was operated upon by the reverend punsters of the court of James, the greater was its loss in a poetical point of view. Let any one compare the version of the Psalter in the Protestant Prayer-book, which was made from the Latin and Greek translations, with that in the Bible, which was a more critical rendering from the Hebrew, and he will soon perceive the vast inferiority of the latter in point of poetry. But, in truth, the Latin of the Vulgate version of the Psalms is a language by itself; in the judgment



of F. Schlegel,\* one of the first critics of this century, it is a language which, in sublimity, and in adaptation for its particular purpose, must be preferred to the classical tongue. It might, perhaps, have been unintelligible to the guests of "Mecænas and Pollio;" but not so much so as the barbarous Syriac in which our Divine Redeemer spoke; and no more so than the language into which His beloved disciple was inspired to translate His discourses would have been to the guests at the Symposium of Plato. Macaulay may call this Syriac, Greek, and Latin "senseless gibberish;" but it is gibberish which has formed the diction of the English Bible and Common Prayer; and this, as Mr. Macaulay tells us, has in turn formed that of "almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels." In spite of the labours of Milton and the classicalists, the philosophical and dialectic form of our language is derived from that of Christian and mediæval latinity; and it is almost like parricide for a master like Macaulay to speak in such disparaging terms of that whence he derives his existence. Notwithstanding his party-bigotry, men of sense will continue to confess that the patristic and scholastic mines of Christian thought contain beauties and sublimities such as are sought in vain amid the affected elegancies of the masters of the revival of literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who talk mincingly and daintily, as if they had only to listen to the music of their own voices, as if they aimed at men's ears, not at their heart and brains, and as if it was the object of eloquence to be "more in words than matter."

The three volumes before us contain no less than 1215 Latin hymns, besides several very important variations,—in several cases almost constituting new hymns,—and a great mass of Greek hymns from the service-books, most of them copiously illustrated with parallel passages from the Fathers. The first volume is taken up with hymns to God; the second with hymns to the Blessed Virgin; the third with hymns to various saints. Many of them are not strictly metrical, but only rhythmical, like the sequence *Victimæ Paschali* for Easter-day; these contain some of the most magnificent passages. We may instance No. 296, on the Day of Judgment. The compilation does great credit to M. Mone, and also to the enterprising publisher, M. Herder of Freiburg in Baden, who is, we believe, an intimate friend of the venerable and persecuted archbishop, and a really good Catholic. This is not the only valuable work to which we have seen his name attached.

\* Quoted, we think, by Mr. Digby in *Godefridus*; but we have not the book at hand to refer to.

We shall be happy if our notice of these volumes causes some competent persons to try to do for our English Catholics what the mediæval hymnographers did for the laity of their day. And we beg to state, that the attempt to versify the doctrines of our religion is no bad exercise for any one, whether nature has made him a poet or no. C. J. Fox, no mean judge, said that if he had a son he should insist on his frequently writing English verses, whether he had a taste for poetry or not; because that sort of composition forces one to consider very carefully the exact meanings of words. If we could rescue the Muse, whether secular or ecclesiastical, from her fetters of sentimentality, and restore her brains a little, we should confer a real benefit on society at large.

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#### THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

*Minnesota and the Far West.* By Laurence Oliphant, Esq., late Civil Secretary, and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in Canada. Blackwood.

JOHN BULL is a boaster of the first magnitude, and, what is more, he is sincere in his boasting; but we take it, nevertheless, that he is mortally afraid of Cousin Jonathan. The European, Asiatic, and African worlds he still holds remarkably cheap. Though he has been playing second fiddle to the French during this present war, he persists in believing that this is a sort of accidental arrangement, in no way interfering with his own title to set an example to all mankind. That England is far more than a match for France continues still to be an article of the national creed; while as for Austria, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and all the rest of them—bah! to think of a Briton's bating one inch of his pretensions in the presence of such as these! Look at Austria, for instance; is she not degraded in the eyes of all mankind (*i. e.* of a section of Englishmen and Englishwomen) by her declining to quarrel with Russia to please us? What right has Austria to consult her own interests instead of ours? And those infamous Prussians! How can they dare to be so merry and satisfied, while we are losing millions yearly, and they are pocketing a comfortable proportion of what we lose?

But we sing another song when it is a question of insulting or quarrelling with that "progressing" people on the other side of the Atlantic. We can laugh at Yankee vulgarities, and taunt Yankee boasters with the emptiness of their claims, so long



as the Yankees generally show no signs of any thing but boasting and barking. But all the while we stand in mortal dread of provoking our American "cousins" to come to blows. Nothing would be more unpopular in this country than a quarrel with the United States. Proud and haughty England would endure from her beloved kinswoman an amount of insult which she would tolerate from no European state rather than actually draw the sword against her. Whatever may be the cause of it, we believe that there exists in the British mind a latent conviction, that if we went to war with the United States we should run the nearest chance of being beaten. We have a sort of vague idea that the youth, the resources, the energy, and the peculiar character of that young country, would be more than a match for us respectable old stagers if once we came to blows. Such a people, with such a territory, and such steamboats, and such railways, and such a determined character, and such a freedom from taxes, must—we secretly opine—be too much for a nation with an enormous debt, heavy taxes, and a population of labouring poor in a condition unknown in a country like America. What is the cause of this secret conviction in the public mind, it is not easy to say; perhaps it springs from the conceit that the Americans, being of British blood, must be a match for their ancestral state; perhaps it is that we are practically impressed with the incessant boastings which we profess to deride, and that the Yankees have told us that they "whip all creation" so often, that at last we have come to believe them. Be this as it may, we suspect that this country would go to war with the United States with more unwillingness and dread than with any other country in the whole world.

No doubt there are many of us who would rather enjoy a war with America, and who anticipate immense satisfaction in well thrashing a people who glorify themselves so loudly and so often in contrast with us "Britishers." There are people who judge of the American capacity for war by their own dislike of American personal peculiarities. They cannot believe that it can be otherwise than easy to beat a people who spit, chew tobacco, whittle chairs and tables, pronounce the English language in a way of their own, and have neither king nor lords to rule over them. The anti-American bitterness of this class is intense; but we do not believe that they at all represent the English *people*, who, in their hearts, are far more disinclined to fight the Americans than the Americans are to fight us.

As for ourselves—that is, the "we" who write these remarks—we have small inclination to go to war with America,

or with any body else. At the same time, we cannot help observing with much interest the progress of this little "difficulty" that has been going on about the Central American and the enlistment questions with our Transatlantic "cousins." And considering what would be the real chances of a war, even when all seems perfectly peaceful, it is impossible not to speculate on the future of a country like America with more than common curiosity. Her past history has been so peculiar, and her present condition is so much unlike any thing that history records of other peoples, that speculation as to her prospects has almost the attractiveness of a game of chance. As a nation, that is, viewed as a vast multitude of people acting together and for one end, she can be paralleled by no race that we can recall in the records of mankind. The observer accordingly is tempted to assume that her coming lot must be something that cannot fairly be calculated on by any of the known laws of society. Such a childhood and such a youth, it is supposed, *must* issue in a manhood quite unlike any thing the world has yet seen. And moreover it is also assumed that this manhood must be one of extraordinary power and prosperity. Whether it will be beneficial to us of the old world, or the reverse, may be a question; but whatever we gain, or whatever we suffer, by the development of America, it is held as an undoubted truth that America herself *must* be great, glorious, independent, and in the highest degree prosperous. Even those votaries of a bygone state of feeling who judge of America in the spirit of King George III., and at once hate and despise her, are not wholly free from the unpleasant conviction that she contains, in her present condition, the elements of a future of a most formidable national prosperity.

With this popular opinion we confess ourselves unable to agree. It appears to us, that so far from being on the high-road to a condition of unexampled greatness and prosperity, the people of the United States are hastening on to a crisis from which it is morally impossible for them to emerge without a radical change in almost all things that now constitute their distinguishing characteristics. So far from promising to crush the old world by their gigantic power, we do not believe that they will even retain their own nationality intact. Although it is true that their recent and present history is unparalleled in the past records of mankind, it is equally true that the laws of human nature forbid us to suppose that such a state of things can possibly reach a healthy maturity. Their life is abnormal; it violates the essential conditions of social health; it cannot endure, it cannot advance from great things to



greater, in harmony with those irrefragable laws which the divine Creator has laid down for the conduct of the human race, and which cannot be violated except at the penalty of national suicide. For, after all, Americans are but men. They are by nature just what we of the old world are. Body and soul, heart and head, they are just like ourselves; they enjoy no prescriptive exemption from our infirmities and perils; and, mortifying as it may be to their susceptibilities, they may have to go through precisely the same discipline, and be saved from ruin by precisely the same means, that have saved Europe, and made her what she still is. We see ourselves but one way by which America can be saved; and that way is just that which saved Europe in the dark ages. The idea, no doubt, will be strange enough to a people that imagines itself as much ahead of European civilisation as it allows the Europe of to-day to be ahead of the Europe of the eighth and ninth centuries; but unless some new feature, hitherto unknown, appears in the life of America, we see nothing for her but a state of things *essentially* the same as that of the ages which succeeded the fall of Rome,—strikingly different as it may be in external forms. What saved Europe then may save America now; and it may not only save her after the crash, but it may save her in the hour of peril before her ruin comes; but that it alone can save her appears to us one of the clearest of probabilities. From those who doubt the truth of this view we ask attention to the following reflections.

*What*, then, is this great national prosperity in America, which strikes us all with such astonishment, and on which her citizens rely as a pledge of her future advancement? We do not say, how much of it is there? but *what* is it? What do all these interminable arrays of figures mean? these accounts of new towns and cities, of railways, of exports and imports, of forests cleared and habitations raised as by magic? Stripped of the colouring of imagination, they mean nothing more than this, that the Americans do at a tremendous pace what mankind has hitherto done at a moderate speed. They supply not the shadow of a proof that these things are done well, that they will last, that they are the result of, or the cause of, a condition in the national *mind* which is great, noble, pure, and enduring. So far as the “progress” of America is ahead of that of the old world, it is a mere progress in the quantity of material elements of riches. It is a heaping up of cotton-goods, a laying down of iron-rails, a covering of the land with big hotels and public buildings which another generation will pull down, a printing of hundreds of news-

papers, and, in short, a doing of every thing with the utmost speed to which the human faculties can be stretched. Of course all this implies an advance in *quality* in some details of material civilisation; and it implies handiness, readiness, activity, energy of mind and body,—things all good in themselves and in their proper sphere. But it implies nothing more. The “progress” of America is not a progress in all that makes the *character* of a people morally and intellectually great; and even still less is it a progress towards permanent physical greatness. What America must ultimately be depends upon the personal character—the bodies and the minds—of her individual citizens. Her greatness will depend upon what she is, not on what she has; not on the quickness with which she gathers wealth, but upon the stamina of the people who possess that wealth.

And this is the great truth which the people of the United States overlook. They mistake speed for strength; quantity for quality; a man's possessions for a man's powers of mind. They almost shout with exultation when they read of the breathless rapidity with which their territory advances, their towns are raised, and their productions are multiplied. To us, on the contrary, this very speed is a proof that the whole thing is overdone; that human nature is taxed beyond its powers; and that future generations will bitterly rue the headlong haste with which the gigantic fabric of civilisation has been reared. We hold, that the laws of the human mind and the human frame cannot be violated with impunity even by a citizen of the United States. This incessant restlessness of body and intellect is destructive of physical health, and is wholly inconsistent with moral health and intellectual power. God has made man with certain faculties, to act within certain limits. You cannot eat like an ostrich, or run like a race-horse, or gaze like an eagle. You cannot work more than a certain number of hours in the day. You cannot think solidly or brilliantly without proper repose, and a certain habitual mental discipline. You may force yourself, or allow yourself to be stimulated to a preternatural activity of mind and body, but in the long-run both you and your posterity will pay for it by an enfeebled constitution and a premature old age.

And this is what America is doing. The stimulus of daily life is so violent, and the nation is so little alive to the necessity of self-control and repose, that it is wearing itself out before its time. It does not allow itself leisure for *growth*. It is not satisfied without instant maturity, and cannot see that it is destroying itself by its own restless energies. We repeat,



that America has as yet shown no signs of possessing that lasting power and greatness of *character* which is the only strength of nations. Whatever the merits of her population, they are not the merits of *great* men. Great men she has, no doubt, and has always had; one of the greatest of men, viewed from the secular point of view, whom the world has seen was Washington, her founder. And, in our eyes, one of the best and most hopeful features in the American character is, their genuine admiration and value for Washington and others of their heroes—a *thing very different from personal or national vanity*. It is the mark, not of greatness, but of littleness of mind, to have no sympathy with “hero-worship,” as it is called. But we cannot see in the acts of the people of the United States, as a nation, any signs that they are a whit greater or stronger as men than the people of the old world, whom they despise.

This preternatural and unhealthy activity, which is taken for power, is the result of various causes. Of these, we take it that the four chief are—their political constitution, the size of their territory, their British parentage, and their climate. All these combine to foster a daily life which wears out body and mind together. They have a constitution which forces every man into the whirlpool of politics. The notion that it is the glory of a man to be his own ruler is driven into their minds by every law and custom of the state. They seem unable to comprehend the truth, that what is necessary for man is *good* government rather than *self*-government, and that self-government is only desirable so far as it insures good government. They cannot grasp the true equality of all men, or understand that it is personal greatness which makes a man *really* a noble and a gentleman. They feel as if they were inferiors, when other people have titles, coronets, and all the rest of it. They want a factitious equality, which is in fact the very exaggeration of the aristocratic principle; and as they cannot *all* be kings and lords, they cannot endure that any body shall be either sovereign, duke, or earl among them. Hence the passionate eagerness with which they rush into those political excitements which to so large a class of Englishmen are tiresome and annoying to the last degree, and only endured as a necessity of good government. Of the feelings of the European continental nations, where five men out of six account political business a bore, they can comprehend nothing.

Then there is their vast and magnificent territory; a country formed to stimulate to exertion the most indolent of races, where no man need be poor, but where work

must be conducted on the unrestricted competition-principle; where the business of production is a race, in which every man rides his own horse, blows his own trumpet, and bets upon himself. No wonder that, with a territory that seems to expand more rapidly the more rapidly its resources are tried, the American people have learnt to think that to "go ahead" is the great glory of humanity; that they are never at rest except when they are moving, and never satisfied with what they have got unless they are striving to get more.

Their parentage, moreover, just fits them for throwing themselves body and soul into this headlong gallop for the goal. They come of a race which is brave, given to hard work, and has less taste for easy-going contented recreation than any other people in the old world. We business-loving Englishmen, with our dash of politics and our own struggles for advancement, are just the stock to send forth a progeny like the Americans. None but the Anglo-Saxon breed would have turned the peculiarities of American politics and territory to the same account. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians,—all would have taken life a vast deal more easily than our restless blood has done on the other side of the Atlantic. Of course each would have had its characteristic faults and merits; but they would none of them have become what we Anglo-Saxons have become in that vast field for their labours.

The climate, again, is of all climates on earth the most stimulating to the human frame. Its extraordinary influence on the physical constitution is shown in the rapidity with which the Anglo-Saxon type assumes the genuine American peculiarities. The contrast between the races after about three generations born and bred in America is so striking, that one can hardly believe that they have not been growing different during many centuries. There is a certain something in the atmosphere, a mixture of heat and cold, and an absence of damp, without the exhausting fires of the tropics, which rouses the nervous system to unceasing movement, brings the constitution to early maturity, excites both the appetite for food and the taste for drinking, and makes labour more easy than in our heavier air and in the depressing heats of Europe and Asia. The prevalence of diseases of the nervous system in America is a remarkable sign of the effects of its climate. *Tic-douloureux*, and all those other disorders which spring from over-work of the brain and over-excitement of the nerves, are common to an extent totally unknown in the Europe of the present day, and still less known to our forefathers. That very speed of American meals, which is so



common a theme for remark among travellers, is, we have no doubt, partly caused by the climate. They get through an enormous amount both of solids and liquids; but they neither eat like a London alderman or a Parisian gastronome, nor drink like a Dutch boor or a German student. They have a way of their own about it; and we believe that this is quite as much a result of their climate as of any extraordinary voracity or love for drunkenness.

Whatever be the causes of it, however, there can be no doubt that the one chief characteristic of the people of the United States is restless haste and ceaseless activity in matters of business. Of course, *they* think this a token of greatness, and consequently are proud of it. We think otherwise; and consequently, so far from accounting them peculiarly free from the perils which encircle European nations, we account them just so far peculiarly liable to national calamity. Happily for them, there are not wanting men among themselves whose eyes are gradually opening to the fact, that to "go ahead" is not the one great glory of humanity. While we have been writing these very remarks, we have read in one of their most influential journals a vigorously-written paper, stating exactly the same opinions as those we have been expressing on the fatal error of mistaking magnitude of material production for an advance in greatness of personal character. One of their ablest and most enlightened men, who knows the world well, recently expressed himself at a great festival at Boston, on the subject of the over-tension of the national brain, in the following words. The speaker was the Hon. Edward Everett. We have only lighted upon them since we took our own pen in hand: "The Americans," he says, "as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is recreated (made over again) by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (*Herod.* i. 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man for ever on the strain of thought and action will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent,—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two,—the Anglo-American population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind, are in spasmodic merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations, which are called amusements;

but noble athletic sports, manly outdoor exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country."

Knowing, then, what human nature is, it appears to us most improbable that the American people could stand any severe reverse in their present prosperous condition, without peril of revolution or national dismemberment. While the huge "far west" remains to be peopled, all may go well, provided they remain at peace with Europe; but when the continent is tolerably filled, then will come the trial; and unless the national character is by that time leavened by a new element, the United States, as a nation, will go to pieces. As a democratic government, with slaveholders in the south, traders in the north, and settlers in the west, they will form three distinct peoples, with different characters and different interests; and they will reverse the old order of Europe, where nationalities are gradually extinguished, and nations that once were the deadliest hereditary foes become united, and lose all traces of distinction under one strong supreme government.

From one source alone can the United States gain that element of strength in which they are wanting. We have already said, that their safety is to be found just where mediæval Europe found its greatness, though the mode of the action of the saving influence may be quite unlike that which the world saw eight or nine centuries ago. What America wants is, *the leaven of Catholicism*. She does not want the feudal system of the middle ages, nor an Established Church, nor a Papal supremacy in secular affairs, nor a richly-endowed hierarchy of bishops; so far she need not copy the era when Europe arose from semi-barbarism. What she needs is, that influence on the personal character of her individual citizens which the Catholic faith is pre-eminently qualified to exert. She needs a remedy at once soothing and strengthening in the exhausting fever of her political and commercial life. She wants to feel some power, which shall leave her democratic constitution untouched, and give her the advantages, without the name and the disadvantages, of royalty and aristocracy. She wants the living presence of a system which will acknowledge the universal equality of all men, and at the same time make her people feel that obedience, order, a love for law and authority, a dislike to revolutions, an adherence to that which exists when it is practically serviceable though not theoretically faultless,—that such things are not degrading, but honourable to man; that self-control and self-sacrifice are among the most precious constituents of true freedom; that the best citizens are those who play their own parts well in the social



fabric, not they who make the most disturbance, or who happen to fill the most prominent stations; and that the machine of the state works most satisfactorily for universal happiness when it is so contrived as to make each member do his duty and look after himself, rather than when each man counts it his special privilege to attack every body else, and to try to force his personal views down every body else's throat.

And we most earnestly commend the whole subject of the influence of Catholicism on democracies to the attention of thoughtful American Protestants. They may be well assured, that the common accusation made against Catholicism, that it is more favourable than Protestantism to despotism and persecution, is one of the grossest libels ever uttered. Undoubtedly many Catholics are lovers of absolute monarchy, and opposed to democratic institutions; and many are hearty upholders of what is termed religious persecution. But this is no part of their religion; it is part of human nature; and, as a fact, they are less given to abject slavishness to an absolute government, and less given to religious persecution, than Protestants. And, of all countries in the world, the United States ought to be the first to recognise the real facts of the case as far as religious liberty is concerned. In their own state of Maryland, the first example which the world has seen of an abolition of religious tests in politics was given *by a Catholic government*. That the full advantages of toleration will ever be generally recognised and acted on by mankind, we have little or no hope. Human nature is seldom able to see that the forcible repression of error (whether real or fancied) is generally in the long-run most unfavourable to its final extirpation. Man is by nature tyrannical and uncharitable, and men will persecute one another to the end of the world; but the actual course of history will continue to show the same phenomenon as hitherto, namely, persecution loudly talked against by Protestants, but in practice *less* employed by Catholics than by any other class of men in the world.

On whichever side we look, indeed, we see in the spread of Catholicism that one safeguard and corrective which the Americans require. Setting aside all question of its truth and its spiritual influence, we discern in its indirect but most efficacious results precisely what the turbulent, eager, restless, democratic, and irritable temperament of the masses of American society demands. It is that very remedy which many of her most thoughtful citizens have perpetually called for and longed for, when they have studied their country as philosophers and patriots. Take, for instance, that one defect in the American constitution which is so visible to foreigners—a

want of strength in her executive. European monarchists cry out that this is a necessary result of democracy, and maintain that nothing but a king and a peerage can supply an executive which shall not be the mere tool of the passions of the headlong multitude. Without that spirit of exclusiveness which is so hateful—and justly so—to the American mind, the European speculatists would have us believe that a *strong* government is an impossibility. We don't believe a word of it. The practical strength of an executive is the result of a certain habitual temper and character in the entire mass of the people, high and low. The executive of a nation that habitually loves order, law, and *good* government, as distinguished from any one particular *form* of government, is necessarily a strong executive, whether it is presided over by a president in a hat with five thousand a year, or a king in a crown with five hundred thousand. What makes the American executive often a weak one is, the uncontrolled personal and private character of so large a portion of the American people. Teach her citizens the excellence of self-control, of moderation in language and action, of the usages of polished society,—make them really indifferent to what Europeans may say of them,—and the government of the United States would be as powerful, as a government, as any despotism that can be named; and this, as we have already said, is that very temper which the constitution of the Catholic Church most powerfully tends to foster. Its first principle is order, every man in his place, the universal equality of all Christians, no hereditary privileges or priesthood, an episcopacy to which the humblest born are eligible and to which they perpetually attain, and which governs by a rigidly-defined code of laws, and not by personal caprice; and, above all, that one grand safeguard against injustice and party-spirit, a supreme chief who is a foreigner and lives far away, so as to be out of the influence of those local passions and prejudices which so fatally sway the actions of the highest authorities when acting among their own countrymen. All this habituates the Catholic to value order, law, and obedience, *as such*. It gives him a distaste for needless agitation and rebellion. It predisposes him to strengthen the hands and uphold the conduct of men in authority, even though they are personally his own equals, and when their time is up must descend to his own level and become nobodies once more. It is the very opposite of that base flunkeyism which worships kings and lords and rich men as a superior race; it is the obedience of a rational and self-respecting man to Almighty God in the person of those to whom is committed the duty of ruling.



Or take the question of an aristocracy as an element in the social system. Every reflecting and educated American will agree with us in the opinion that the existence of a cultivated, refined, and gentlemanly class in any nation is a source of very material advantage to all classes. It is of the utmost importance that there should be *some one* to give a tone to the habitual manners and thoughts of the rude masses, whose life of toil, or the unfavourable circumstances of whose birth, has prevented them from acquiring those graces of the mind which, however small they may seem, form an essential ingredient in the average amount of human happiness. A nation or a family of gentlemen is much happier than a nation or a family of boors. We mean, of course, those who are gentlemen in mind and in essentials, and not merely those who are wealthy and highly cultivated. There are gentlemen in all ranks, as there are snobs every where. Vulgarities and brutishness are not necessary accompaniments of the plough or the loom, as they are certainly not incompatible with a coronet and fifty thousand a-year. There is no reason why a man should be less a gentleman under one *régime* than another. Compare, for instance, the men who have filled the office of President of the United States with the Sovereigns of England for some time past. Put the presidents by the side of our sovereigns from Dutch William downwards, and what candid man will deny that the presidents have the best of it, simply as gentlemen? Why, Washington was a more thorough gentleman than any man who has sat on the British throne since England became Protestant. What America wants is, not a peerage, but some element or other in her social system which shall naturally tend to the culture of the refining arts of life, as distinguished from that money-getting, which does *not* tend towards the elevation of the mind. And we need but point to the history of every branch of human knowledge, and every feature of that polished life which is the boast of our age, to learn that in almost every single detail the influence of the Catholic Church has been one of the prime moving-causes of all that is best in our civilisation. She has done the work of a lettered and refined aristocracy for the uncultured masses; while the vast majority of her instruments have been men sprung from those very masses themselves. And now that refinement, the arts, sciences, and literature are no longer the exclusive possession of the children of the Catholic Church, let us not be unjust to the past, or forget what she did for the world when it all lay desert around her. If America wants the advantages of an aristocracy without revolutionising her

constitution, let her seek them in the humanising and refining influences of the faith of Rome.

Not that, for one moment, we advocate any connection between Catholicism and the state in America. If America would remain great, and become greater, let her beware of "Establishments." We are no advocates for them, or for the introduction of ecclesiastics into secular offices of any kind. The political work which the ecclesiastics of the middle ages did well because they alone were competent for it in those days, they would not now do as well as laymen, who, by their training and habits, are the fitter of the two. What we uphold is, that leavening of the national character through the indirect influence of Catholicism, which would correct just those faults to which a democratic constitution is by its nature liable.

To turn again to that other point, which has nothing to do with democracy, but which is of so great moment to the well-being of America—the question of recreation and of excessive devotion to commercial enterprise. If there is one axiom in moral and physiological science more undeniable than another, it is that which is embodied in the words of the Bible, "The Sabbath was made for man." And if there is one country in the world in which this axiom is overlooked, it is America. That maxim is, that repose and refreshment are as necessary to the well-being of body and mind as air, meat, and drink are necessary to animal life. Nevertheless, that Protestantism which has hitherto been the prevailing spirit in American religion is powerless to confer this blessing upon exhausted humanity. It cannot calm and soothe the wearied faculties, or foster that habitual temper of mind which of itself would put a stop to the frightful speed at which human life runs in a country where nine people out of ten are in love with "progress." Its theological dogmas, and its ideas on the subject of religious worship and religious festivals, unfit it for coping with the gigantic evil. Religious rest for body and soul, in the Christian sense of the word, is a thing unknown to Protestantism as such. It can but vibrate between outrageous laxity and worldliness, as we see it in the Protestant states of continental Europe, and the gloomy Puritanism of England and Scotland. It must either trample the Bible under foot, or else take its precepts, observe them in the letter, and violate them in the spirit. And, on the other hand, whether Catholicism is true or false, it is simply a fact, which can be tested by any man who will take the trouble to observe for himself, that devout Catholics can and do enjoy themselves, and take their refreshment, and sit comparatively easy to the turmoil of temporal business, in most marked contrast to the best classes



of Protestants. Make a Protestant earnestly religious, and note the change in his character: he instantly tends to gloominess; but he is as keenly alive to the importance of money-getting, and of "advancing in the world," as when he never dreamt that he had a soul to be saved. But make a worldly selfish Catholic devout, or convert a Protestant (bad or good) into a hearty Catholic, and see the change in him: he as infallibly grows more cheerful and ready for innocent recreation, as he takes to praying to the Blessed Virgin and believing in the Pope. No doubt he remains quite fond enough of this world, and keen enough as to the state of his pocket; but he has become far less so than he was before, and he is no longer prone to believe that the most glorious thing a man can do is to lay down a railroad across a continent, or travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He has opened his eyes to the virtue of enjoyment as distinct from excitement. And this, we take it, is what it is so difficult for an American citizen to see. With him time is lost in which something is not *got* in the way of land, or money, or possessions of some sort. "Laugh and grow fat," says an old English proverb—much older, we suspect, than Luther and Calvin; but, unfortunately, the Anglo-Saxon race have not carried the proverb, or, at any rate, its observance, to the other side of the Atlantic. Their very fun has become tremendous. It smacks of the express-train. It is nearly all of the go-ahead species.\* It everlastingly tends to the subject of buying and selling. Its favourite text is "sharp-practice," and the disasters of those who meet with sharper practitioners than themselves.

All this would be instantly changed were American society largely impregnated with sincere Catholicism. Then men and women would be twice as long at their meals, and pedestrians would walk at least a mile less per hour. People would pray more, dance more, sing more, laugh more, and sleep more. Sermons would grow shorter, and human life longer. The sale of pictures would increase, and that of account-books diminish. Men would have more pleasure in talking to women; and women would not only be treated—as they now are—with remarkable civility, but their practical influence on social life would rise. The entire national mind would be slower, gentler, quieter, *and stronger*. And if the amount of dollars gained would be less, the average amount of daily happiness would be vastly greater than it is under the influence of non-Catholicism or anti-Catholicism.

Such are some of the grounds on which we think that

\* We say nearly all—not quite all; for what humour is more delightfully easy and refreshing than that of such writers as Washington Irving?

influential men in the United States ought to pause before they do any thing to discourage the spread of the Catholic religion, even though they themselves remain Protestants. America has many citizens who are superior to that vulgar self-estimation which makes people fancy their own country exempt from all the infirmities and perils of humanity. To such we commend our remarks as at least worthy of serious attention.

On the effect on American prosperity which would result from a war with Great Britain, little need be said. It seems scarcely possible that a hot-headed party in the United States and a few haughty Tory-minded people in England should plunge the two countries into all the horrors of a war, especially a war which must be so bitter in feeling as that between nations who so recently were but one. In fighting with the Russians we have been fighting with strangers; the war has been cool, calculating, and comparatively passionless, and it will leave few traces of animosity behind it. Moreover, it has been a war with a sovereign rather than with a people; and so it leaves our feelings towards the Russian nation much what it found them. But a war between England and America, like a war between England and France, would be a far more awful display of deadly hatred and vindictive fury. There are few Englishmen who have not some sort of feelings towards the Americans as a race of men, whether friendly or hostile, whether of admiration or of dislike. And almost every American seems to be acutely susceptible on the subject of Great Britain, either in a pleasant or an irritable way. Quarrelling with America, therefore, is like quarrelling with one's friend, or one's brother, or one's nearest neighbour. It is a far worse thing than a quarrel with a stranger. Supposing that we had been fighting her instead of with Russia, and that—whether in our favour or hers—the relative position of the belligerents had been much what it became between us and Russia after the fall of Sebastopol, does any man fancy that in such a position of affairs peace would have been a possibility? We contemplate, then, the very idea of a war with America with unmixed alarm; and we hold that the statesmen of both countries are bound by every sacred obligation to strain every nerve and stretch every point to prevent it.

What would be its ultimate issue, of course no eye can foresee. The European complications it might involve are such, that speculation is all at fault. Still there are certain events which must happen, which it appears to us ought to make America even more anxious than England to avoid a



collision. If ever a human event could be foretold, it is certain that the immediate result of a war must be the annihilation of American commerce. She has a magnificent mercantile navy, which lays her open to the most frightful injury; while her fighting navy is little more than nominal; and while we have at this moment, in commission, the largest and most powerful fighting navy that was ever possessed by any nation at any period of the world. This is not a question of opinion or national boasting,—it is a question of facts and figures. The fiery American zealots who seek to drive their government into hostilities, seem to be unconscious that England has at this moment no less than *two hundred and eighty* ships of war, of different classes, actually in commission; and nearly double that number including those ready for use. In fact, we have as many ships to spare as would blow the entire navy of America out of the water in four-and-twenty hours, if they could only get at it. Undoubtedly, American privateers and such-like might at once do our merchant navy a great deal of mischief; but our war-fleets would sweep the seas, and before long annihilate every craft that put forth on to the Atlantic.

Talkers, who do not think, say that America would instantly create a navy. Doubtless she would do her utmost; but a navy is not created in a day, nor are sailors to be got and disciplined; and meanwhile where is American commerce and American mercantile prosperity? In the old war America manned her fleet with experienced British seamen, bought off from us by higher wages than we gave. But this would not happen again, for two reasons. In the first place, our private seamen are in a condition very different from their state in former times,—they would get nothing by going over to the enemy, and therefore they would not go; and in the second place, it was easy for America to bribe “the British tar” with double pay, when they had only a few ships to man; but what would she say to paying double wages to such an extent as to fit out a fleet capable of coping with ours *now*? And where are the officers?

Again, think of the effects of taxation on a people like the Americans. They know nothing of it practically speaking. Freedom from heavy taxes has been, and is, an essential condition of their national prosperity. Conceive, then, the social and political effects of a war so gigantically costly as would be a war with Great Britain. Just imagine the untaxed citizens of America called on to pay nearly fifty millions sterling, or *two hundred and fifty millions of dollars*, as we have already paid for a war which has lasted only two years

and a half, and in which France has gone shares with us in the cost. Moreover, this is not nearly the whole bill that must be settled even for a few months' war. Very many millions more must be spent in coming home again, and putting things steadily on a peace-footing. Is America, accustomed to a mere nominal debt, and paying her president 5000*l.* a-year—(what is Queen Victoria's allowance, considering that *Prince Albert* gets more than eight times as much as the President of the United States?)—is America, we repeat, prepared to pay such astounding bills as we have to pay, contenting ourselves with making wry faces at them? Has she forgotten the saying of one of the most vigorous and influential of the founders of her greatness, about the "paying for one's whistle?" It would be a mighty pretty pastime to injure the "Britishers," and humble the pride of the old country; but think of the price of the whistle! It would be a whistle, and nothing better, after all; for what possible gain could America *get* by the most effectual destruction of the old country? She would get exactly what we have got already, and nothing more; namely, an enormous debt, and an immense increase to the pauperised element of her population.

As to Canada—Canada has no more idea of sympathising with America against England than of sending an army to attack Paris. The day for Canadian sympathising is gone by. When Canada and the old country part company Canada will set up for herself, without asking any body's leave, unless it is ours. In fact, she is gradually setting up for herself, and with our assistance. She is fast rising from the position of a colony or province to that of a *partner-kingdom*. We luckily have grown wise enough to see that this arrangement is the best for both parties; and we should not be surprised if some day England herself set up Canada and New Brunswick into an independent state,—not a republic, but a free monarchy, with the present Canadian constitution, and a sovereign of the Guelphic race at the head of it. In the mean time, we may rest assured that Canada will not quarrel with us in order to aggrandise the United States.

If we may trust the author of the work whose title we have prefixed to our remarks, the general feelings of Americans towards this country are such, that they could very easily be excited to rush into war with us. Mr. Oliphant made a tour in 1854 into those parts of the "far west" which are not often visited by mere travellers; and in the course of his journeyings collected large observations on the capabilities of the country and the temper of the people he came across. A



few paragraphs from his pages will show the conclusions he came to.

"To return, however, to the tobacco-consuming group in front of the hotel, there is one point upon which they are universally agreed—indeed, throughout the West, public opinion seemed unanimous in its expression of an earnest desire to see the allied armies defeated in the Crimea.

The colonel expresses himself strongly on this point. 'I conclude,' he says, first turning with modesty to his admiring audience, 'that I can about see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. Wal, you Brtishers air 'cute; you go on the high moral ticket. You call annexation robbery and territorial aggression; but there ain't a power in creation that's swallowed more of other people's country without choking than you have when nobody was looking perticler. And now you're a-going to fight civilisation, by protecting the most barbarous power in Europe, and for liberty by allying yourself with a French despot and a Mahometan tyrant; but chaw me if liberty ain't a long sight better off in the hands of that old 'possum Nicholas than such mealy-mouthed hypocrites. You understand stabbing great principles in the dark, you do! Liberty's all bunkum with you. If it ain't, what do you go cringing and scraping to all the despots in Europe for, when you could raise the hull Continent in the cause of freedom if you had a mind to? Why don't you choke off your privileged classes, and sot your oppressed white niggers free, and give back the black niggers in the Indies the country you've robbed 'em of, instead of screeching at us, and coming over here with your long faces, and almighty jaw, and unremittin lies, about slavery and Cuba? There's no sin in creation your nosouled, canting, bellows-winded Parliament won't commit, if they can make a darned cent by it. And if you were to take the Crimea, there'd be no holding you; civilisation and liberty, and all the rest of it, would be in danger over here then; and the slaves in Cuba would have to be protected, and you'd be fighting against us to preserve the liberal institutions of Spain. But there's no fear of that. The Roosians will whip you into ribbons when they get a chance. Why, they've got the sympathies of our country with them; and it's well known that every great question t'other side Jordan\* is settled by the public opinion here. You'll find out the mistake you made when we offered to *meditate* between the *belgeant* powers—[the colonel never allowed a long word to stop him],—and you took so long to consider upon it that it never came off at all. Now you'll all go to blazes together; and there ain't a man in these diggins as won't be glad to hear that the old country has a-busted up, fighting for—ha! ha! ha! boys, what do you think?—*Liberty!*' And the colonel wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked like a man who felt he had distinguished himself.

'That's it, colonel,' says Joe, in an ecstasy of admiration. 'Why,

\* Across the Atlantic.

it's enough to make a man swaller tobacker to hear him. I guess your Victoria would be down upon you pretty smart if you was to come out like that in your country. We can speak our minds over here; we can blaspheme, and profane, and rip, and snort, jest as we've a mind to, and nobody dar hinder us. Ah! it's a great country.' With which sage reflection the councillor subsides into a state of rumination; and nobody showing any disposition to dispute the colonel's position, his companions chew the cud—of tobacco—in silence, and regard me with a certain complacency as one who has been 'chawed up some,' and considerably 'run over' by the colonel."

Mr. Oliphant adds, that with the exception of some "small sections of some of the communities in the eastern cities," *he never heard a soul in America express any other sentiments than those of this gallant colonel.*

His book, of which we gave a few lines of notice on its first appearance, is a well-put-together and informing narrative. It gives a sufficient quantity of statistics and figures to awaken the most obtuse to a perception of that extraordinary speed in American "progress" of which we have been speaking; and his information is so much diversified with anecdote and gossip as to make it a pleasant and readable volume. He is, moreover, too much a man of the world, and too long used to knock about, in East as well as West, to be run into in any excessive degree by the rough-and-ready ways of a new country; and he is *quite* as fully alive to the advantages of "smartness," and the blessings of material civilisation, as any reasonable man need be. Accordingly he judges of what he sees without prejudice, and admires as cordially as any body not an actual naturalised American can perhaps admire. His accounts of the progress of Minnesota—which is one of the extreme westerly territories, situated beyond Wisconsin, and a little to the south-west of Lake Superior—are enough to make the mouths of your go-ahead gentry run down with streams of water. Its capital is called St. Paul; a name which indicates the fact, that among its first founders were a large proportion of settlers from Catholic Canada; for the Protestant American is not given to calling towns and countries after the saints.

"St. Paul," says Mr. Oliphant, "is perhaps the best specimen to be found in the States of a town still in its infancy with a great destiny before it. Its progress hitherto has been equalled only by Chicago. In 1847 a few trading huts, rejoicing under the sobriquet of Pig's Eye—a name still retained by some rapids just below the town—marked the site of the present city; and it occurred to some of the French traders and Yankee squatters upon the unpre-empted



land in the neighbourhood, to mark out what is called in the States a town-plat, without apparently any anticipation of the important results which were ultimately to attend their speculation; indeed, they were somewhat old-fashioned in their notions, and laid out their plat in what one of the present citizens, in his account of the first years of St. Paul, calls 'little skewdangular lots, about as large as a stingy card of gingerbread broke in two diagonally.' The consequence was, that for the first two years there was very little temptation to put any thing upon the said lots; but in 1849 some celebrated go-ahead speculators took up the thing, one of whom, Henry M. Rice, is now pushing on Superior as he did St. Paul, when he was in company with John R. Irving, with whom he 'bought in.' At this time there were half-a-dozen log-huts, a hotel, a couple of stores, a log Catholic chapel, and about 150 inhabitants—a community which was worthy of being represented by the press; and, accordingly, Colonel James M. Goodhue arrived in the same year to start a paper, which he intended to call *The Epistle of St. Paul*. The good people there, however, had discrimination enough to object to the name, and so he called it the *Minnesota Pioneer*, in one of the articles of which he gives an amusing description of his finding himself, on a raw cloudy day in April '49, in a forlorn condition, at the bottom of the cliff, surrounded by his press, types, and printing-apparatus, with no shed to put them in, or acquaintance in the place. A Yankee editor is not to be discouraged by trifles; so he got a room 'on' Third Street, 'as open as a corn-rick,' from which airy tenement his first number issued, 'in the presence of Mr. Lull, Mr. Cavileer, Mr. Neill, and perhaps Major Murphy.' After that he got a lot in what he supposed would be the middle of the town, having 'calculated that the two ends would probably unite there,' and building a dwelling-house, lived in it through the next year without having it lathed or plastered. Such was the origin of St. Paul, and such the commencement of the *Pioneer*, which, in the language of the editor, has 'advocated Minnesota, morality, and religion, from the beginning.' In the recent death of this gentleman St. Paul has sustained a great loss; and if he had been as successful in his advocacy of the two latter principles as of that of the territory, Minnesota would be a terrestrial paradise; for it began to shoot ahead thenceforward with a vengeance. There are now four daily, four weekly, and two tri-weekly papers, which is pretty well for a Far-West town only five years old, and more than Manchester and Liverpool put together. There are four or five hotels, and at least half-a-dozen handsome churches with tall spires pointing heavenward, and sundry meeting-houses, and a population of seven or eight thousand to go to them, and good streets with side-walks, and lofty brick warehouses, and stores, and shops, as well supplied as any in the Union; and 'an academy of the highest grade for young ladies;' and wharves at which upwards of three hundred steamers arrive annually, bringing new settlers to this favoured land, and carrying away its produce to the south and east. The navigation of

the river is closed during the four winter months, or from November to March. As the resources of Minnesota are developed, the trade upon the river must continue to increase. The saw-mills of St. Anthony, St. Paul, and Stillwater will supply countless feet of timber for the states further south; its prairies will furnish live stock *ad libitum*; and its cereal produce will, according to Colonel Goodhue, hold its own with the most favoured states. That gentleman thus compares its capabilities in this respect with its principal rival, Illinois: 'We will give Illinois May the start, and Minnesota shall come out ahead. Don't care what the crop is—any grain, any root—any thing, from a castor bean, or an apple or pear-tree, or a pumpkin, to a sweet potato or a tobacco-plant. Why, sucker, do you know you have frosts about two weeks earlier in Illinois than we do here? It is a fact! We will show these people *sights* who come up here in May, and go shivering back home, saying that Minnesota is too cold for *craps*.' And so on, in the same strain with regard to cattle."

There is one circumstance about St. Paul which stands in agreeable contrast to the rest of the western towns,—there is *some* difference between Sundays and week-days. Mr. Oliphant mentions it in his chapter on the "manners, customs, and political opinions of the St. Paul public," from which we shall make one more extract by way of conclusion.

"Some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of the value of town-lots in new cities, from the fact that Mr. Collins showed us one which he had purchased three years before for 150 dollars. He was allowed three years in which to pay his purchase-money. Upon the day he paid in the last instalment, and thus completed his title, he sold the same lot for 1600 dollars. The weather was frightfully hot during our stay in St. Paul: the thermometer stood one day at 95° in my bedroom. There is in consequence an immense consumption always going on at the bar of Red Lions and White Lions—cock-tails, mint-juleps, gin-slugs, cobblers, and other cooling drinks with as many different names as there are political parties in the United States, which is saying a good deal. On Sunday I was struck with a greater observance of the day than I had anticipated. The numerous churches are well filled, and St. Paul is rather celebrated for a more universal profession of religion than ordinarily characterises western towns, the inhabitants of which will tell you that the Sunday is 'just like any other day, or, indeed, rather more so.'

We were always roused to the labours of the day by a boisterous gong, which at six o'clock in the morning reverberated through the long passages of the hotel, rendering a renewed attempt at sleep utterly out of the question. Soon after, people began to drop in to breakfast, and eat hot rolls, soaked toast, buckwheat cakes, and hominy, and drink iced milk; then they grouped round spittoons, lighted their cigars, corrected their cold potations with 'nippers' of brandy, skimmed the papers, swore at the contents,



and finally strutted off to their respective duties. We 'put out' as well to shop and 'nose about the town wherever we've a mind to,' finding no difficulty in amusing ourselves until three p.m., when dinner is ready. This was the most unpleasant process at St. Paul. In the first place, the rush into the room at the sound of the gong was terrific, and excited and heated one in an atmosphere at 'blood-heat' to such an extent that, combined with the exertion of scrambling for dishes, and the rapidity with which their contents were necessarily bolted, we found ourselves at the end of ten minutes seated at the deserted tables, replete, panting, perspiring, and exhausted. The master of the hotel sat at an upper table, upon the sanctity of which 'unprotected males' were not allowed to intrude—much to our disgust; for the ladies have a private entry before the gong rings, and sit at least three minutes longer after dinner than the gentlemen, besides indulging in more elaborate preparations of corn, buckwheat, and other special delicacies. After dinner it is the correct thing to go out upon the steps in front of the hotel, unbutton your waistcoat, and make one of a row of tobacco-consumers, some of whom chew, some smoke, and some do both. Here we tilt our chairs well back, criticise the passers-by,—as this is in the main street,—talk politics, and drink cooling beverages; indeed, the object of hurrying through dinner at a railway pace is thus most satisfactorily explained. It is evident that the pleasures of the table consist in this country, not in the delicacy of the viands, or in the act of their consumption, but in the process of their digestion, which is certainly doubly necessary, and which is prolonged as much as possible, and enjoyed in a very epicurean manner."

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles.* By the Rev. John M'Evilly, President of St. Jarlath College, Tuam. (Richardson.) Mr. M'Evilly's work consists of a "paraphrase" of the sacred text printed side by side with it, and of a "commentary" printed in the lower part of the page. The paraphrase is designed simply to put the meanings of the writers in a clearer light, by expressing what they say at a greater length. This is, no doubt, occasionally necessary; but, as a whole, a paraphrase of any part of the Bible always reads dull and heavy. When Mr. M'Evilly's first edition is sold, we take the liberty of suggesting to him that he should shorten this paraphrase considerably, and expand the original phrases only when it is absolutely necessary. We suggest, also, a smaller-sized page, as the imperial octavo is not so convenient as the octavo in common use.

The commentary, which is the chief part of the book, so far as we have examined it and are capable of judging, appears to us excellent, and we heartily rejoice to see such a book brought out. It is full of

matter, and clear and unaffected in style. Mr. M'Evilly has also the rare merit of not attempting to push the meaning of texts beyond their real force in the eagerness of controversy; witness, for instance, his exposition of the text sometimes cited as a scriptural *proof* that marriage is a Sacrament. The work is designed for both clergy and laity, and is certainly equally well adapted for both.

*Occasional Prayers for People of the World and for Men in Business.* Compiled and paraphrased from the Holy Scriptures. (Burns and Lambert.) The idea of this little book is very good, and the execution is satisfactory. There are few persons who do not at times feel the inexpressive and wordy character of too many of the prayers which are written for private use, and such will welcome the present compilation.

*Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta, &c. Permissu Superiorum.* (Richardson.) This is the edition of the ritual which has been prepared by the desire of the Synod of Westminster. It is of convenient size, and the type is clear.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation.* By C. Hardwick, M.A. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) This is one of a series of "manuals," of which we are told that, "the authors being clergymen of the Church of England, and the series being designed primarily for the use of candidates for office in her ministry, the books will seek to be in accordance with her spirit and principles; and *therefore*, in treating of the opinions and principles of other communions, every effort will be made to avoid acrimony or misrepresentation." This appears a special *non-sequitur*, when we remember that the Anglican Church has been always so bitter to those who dissent from her, that we believe there is a pretty general *consensus* of Nonconformist authorities in regarding her as the "star whose name was wormwood" of the Apocalypse. The present book may, for all we know, seek to be in accordance with history; but the writer certainly reproduces

"The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,"

with regard to Henry VIII., Catherine, Anne Boleyn, and Cranmer, to which we had fondly hoped Lingard had given the *coup-de-grace*.

*Sermons in Stones, or Scripture confirmed by Geology.* By Dominick M'Ausland. (London, Bentley.) What Mr. M'Ausland confirms by geology is certainly not Scripture, but a questionable explanation of it. We have our own very definite idea of the exact conformity of the cosmogony of Moses, rightly understood, with the results of modern science; but we do not think that persons can enter into the idea of the most ancient of all writers without a very profound study of the mythological remains of antiquity. The phraseology of Moses must be expounded by them, not by modern theories of geology.

*The Third Yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society.* (Cork, Roche.) The Cork Young Men's Society is one of the most gratifying "signs of the times." It seems made for work, and not for talk; and its progress has been proportionately solid. The present Report sets a good example to report-makers in general, by telling how many of the members observe the rules and how many do not. It is a hearty, but not boasting record of the successes of the past year.



*Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* By William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the (Protestant) University of Dublin. Edited by W. H. Thompson, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge. 2 vols. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) These two volumes, though very incomplete, are too important productions to be summarily dismissed; so we will only call our readers' attention to them, especially to the second volume, on the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. There is much that is hazy, and much that is buried under pompous altisonance, and also a very disagreeable trick of improving the occasion by making references to apparent analogies in Catholic philosophy, of which we give one specimen. In vol. i. p. 252, we are told that "the entire mass of speculation in India bears this common character, that it all professes to be exposition of ancient revelation;" and then he compares Indian philosophy with that of the Catholic schools, and says that the rivalry of Gótama and Kanáda is reproduced in that of Scotus and Albertus and Occam. Yet, seeing that these Indian sages teach all systems, from pantheism pure to materialism and atheism, their divergencies might find a much better parallel in the disagreements of Protestantism. School-theology was not a *mere* interpretation of Scripture, but Protestant theology is. It is, as Sir William Hamilton says, "little else than an applied philosophy and criticism" (*Discussions*, p. 333). Neither did school-theology ever extravagate into fatalism, antinomianism, socinianism, or any system which virtually denied the revelation it professed to expound. The Protestant theology is the real "Western echo" of the Indian philosophy. Once permit private interpretation of revelation, and, as in India, reflective inquiry and daring sceptical speculation will and must manifest themselves, however concealed under the prudent veil of exposition and theological commentary.

*After Dark.* By Wilkie Collins, author of "Basil," "Hide and Seek," &c. 2 vols. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) We can seldom speak in so high terms of a book of tales as of these two volumes; they are thoroughly artistic, have an originality and a style of their own, are neither theological and moral, nor irreligious and immoral, can offend no one, nor do harm to any. They consist of several tales, all but one republished from *Household Words*, and set in a most charming framework of leaves from a diary and prologues. Mr. Collins, as we said when speaking of *Hide and Seek*, is a thorough artist, and exhibits his details with the skill and the finish of a pre-Raphaelite painter. Our readers must positively make acquaintance with these volumes themselves.

*A Constitutional History of Jersey.* By J. Le Quesne, Esq. (London, Longmans.) This book is almost large enough to chronicle every event that could ever have happened in that little quart-pot of an island;—no offence to the Jerseyites, for the largeness of the liquid may more than balance the smallness of that which contains it. The Jersey people may be as strong ale in a weak vessel, while we are small-beer in a large barrel. It is said that a deputation which came from the island to demand some concession from William Pitt reminded him that they, the Normans, were the conquering race, we, the Saxons, the conquered. Howbeit, in days when we tolerate voluminous monographs on some microscopical moth, we have no right to complain of the prolixity of the present work; it is defensible on the principle, *fiat experientia in minimis*; the pure Norman character, its law, and its government, may, thanks to modern processes, be better examined in a specimen weighing half a grain than in a sample big enough to lade a waggon.

The blessings of the Reformation penetrated early, and made themselves severely felt in the Channel Islands. April 25th, 1573, Richard

Girard was flogged through the town of Guernsey for upholding Mass. In 1593 all strangers were ordered to profess the established religion within a given period, or to quit the island. In 1567 all persons found *en pèlerinages* were for the first offence to be fined forty sols, and for the second to be punished *à la discretion*. All idolatrous and superstitious persons, who did not renounce the Pope and the Mass, and who would not hear the Presbyterian word or receive its sacraments, were to be presented to the court and punished. In Jersey, in 1567, Guillaume Faustrast was imprisoned for having heard Mass in Normandy, and for having brought to the island *un livre papistique et de l'eau bénite*. In 1562 it was ordered that legends and breviaries should be burnt by the hands of the owners themselves.

Nor does this extremely "little brief authority" exhibit its paternal care only towards the naughty boys who would be Catholics;—with genuine Protestant inquisitorial spirit, in 1576 it imprisons several persons for not having taken the Communion; and orders that they shall not be liberated till they can say the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. All persons not communicating for a year and a day—not attending sermons morning and evening—not attending service on fast-days—were fined; a man who was heard swearing was fined if rich, and put in the stocks if poor (on the "popish" principle, *qui non solvit ex crumena, luat in cute*). There was a penalty if one from every household did not attend service on Wednesdays and Fridays; if shops were not shut during Wednesday service; and the absentee from Sabbath holding-forth was to be punished *à la discretion*. As these mild means do not seem to have been effectual, we soon find laws to banish from the island such as refused to "hear the word," or to communicate; other regulations compelled people to attend *pour rendre raisons de leur foi*. The same sapient authorities forced one Thomas de France to marry against his will; and, with the usual Protestant contempt both for the sanctity of the union and for the rights of the poor, on the 26th March 1647 they absolutely decreed that "persons of *basse condition* should not be allowed to marry!"

Mr. Le Quesne's book is long, but full of little details like those we have extracted; its arrangement is not very good, but there is an index. Finally, there may possibly be some among our readers who would wish to know something of the Normans of these islands; they will be glad to be told where they may obtain the required information. We may add, that the recent expulsion of Ledru Rollin and Co. has given us a more favourable opinion of the constitution of Jersey than any thing that we have seen in this volume.

*Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History.* By A. P. Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. (London, Murray.) This book is a curious compound of a traveller's journal and a student's essay. It combines, however, to a certain extent, the merits of both plans, and gives us at once a geographical view of the history, and a graphic delineation of the topographical features of the Holy Land. Mr. Stanley unfortunately exhibits much of the sceptical spirit of a German neologist; but he also writes as if he had a heart to which unbelief was a pain, and which can appreciate the happiness of faith, though it has not the strength to embrace it. Hence, while controverting old ecclesiastical traditions, he very seldom speaks in an offensive tone. We do not know that this is religiously a very favourable symptom. Just as "*in foro scientiæ* there's no such thing as murder—it's only death,"\* so our modern psychologists look upon all kinds of religious beliefs as so many mental hallucinations, no more to be chided than the vagaries of the

\* Tristram Shandy.



inmates of Bedlam. *In foro scientiæ* there is no such thing as falsehood or superstition, heresy or infidelity—it is only a necessary secretion of a peculiarly formed brain.

We abridge the following account of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from the chapter on the Holy Places.—On Holy Saturday morning, a spectator in the gallery of the dome of the Holy Sepulchre would see the whole space beneath him wedged with pilgrims, except where the shrine itself stands out in the midst, and where a strong guard of Turkish soldiers keeps a lane vacant. About noon the stillness of the crowd is broken by a tangled group of Arabs rushing round the sepulchre: they think that the fire will not come unless this ceremony is gone through; accordingly, these confused masses of twenty, thirty, or fifty men will at intervals start in a run, catch hold of one another, and leap on each other's shoulders or heads. Some of them are clothed in sheep-skins, some almost naked; the group generally preceded by a fugleman, who marks time by clapping his hands, while his followers respond by wildly howling, "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan!"—"Jesus Christ has redeemed us!" From these insulated groups the infection spreads, till the whole rotunda is filled with a racing torrent of wild figures, like the Witches' Dance in *Faust*, wheeling round the sepulchre.

This excitement continues till the procession emerges from the sacristy, and defiles thrice round the tomb. After the third circuit, one great movement sways the multitude from side to side; they rush on the soldiers, who, according to orders received, always consent to be driven out at this juncture; the procession is broken through—the banners stagger and waver and fall, amid the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers hither and thither before the tremendous rush; a small compact band encircles the bishop who is to "make the fire," and conducts him to the sepulchre, and closes the door behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads, yelling with the most frantic uproar. By the aperture in the side of the tomb stands a priest to catch the fire; from him there is a narrow lane left for him to pass out of the church, and on each side of the lane hundreds of bare quivering arms hold tapers ready to be lighted. At last the moment comes: a bright flame appears inside the hole; slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through the vast multitude, till the whole edifice is one blaze of candles. The bishop is carried out fainting from the tomb, as if overcome by the glory of God who descended to kindle the fire; a mounted horseman gallops off to communicate the sacred fire to the Greek monks of Bethlehem; and then is the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the sacred flame to every house in Jerusalem; whereby in 1834 hundreds were trampled to death. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated; and one of the most extraordinary parts of the spectacle is the rapid subsidence of a frenzy so intense into the profound repose with which in the evening the same pilgrims await the midnight Mass.

This fire-kindling is a known cheat; all Greek priests who know any thing of the matter acknowledge it to be so. So Mr. Stanley does very unfairly in comparing it to the "juggle" of the blood of St. Januarius, which is certainly not acknowledged by any ecclesiastic to be such, and of which those who refuse to believe it have hitherto failed in giving any rational explanation, such as can remove it from the province of supernatural things.

The "Canon of Canterbury" does not scruple to affirm that our Lord passed an "unconscious infancy" in the cave of Bethlehem; and, in

accordance with the English principle of reducing every thing in religion to a great vague outline without any certain details, he tells us that the doubts which envelop the lesser questions about Palestine do not envelop the greater—"they attach to the Holy Places, not to the Holy Land. The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine." So Christianity, we suppose, is a great blur of light, with no particular focus, no certain centre.

### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Le Correspondant*. Nouvelle Série. (Paris, Douniol.) In a review of Macaulay's *History of England*, we mentioned the change that had taken place in the management of this old-established periodical. It is certainly greatly improved in ability, and is much more interesting than under its former editorship, and therefore ought to be taken by all who wish to be *au fait* on the subject of French Catholic literature. At the same time we regret some of its crypto-political tendencies. It seems to be the bane of religion in France, that so many devout people cannot let the government alone. Either they are vehement in connecting themselves with it, or they are its fierce opponents. The Bourbons did immense mischief in this way on their restoration, by forcing a sort of appearance of national Catholicism on the French people, when nineteen out of every twenty of them abhorred the very name. Just now there are many good Catholics who are far too demonstrative of their Imperialist or anti-Imperialist feelings. They will not treat the Emperor's régime *as it is*, namely, a great practical gain to religion and order; but they must needs either puff him to the skies as a man and almost a saint, or they must do their best to upset every thing and bring in red-republicanism, only because Imperialism has its disagreeable drawbacks. The *Correspondant* is too much of the latter school. Count de Montalembert has already brought down on it a sort of government warning. In the number before us is an article on the character of the religious polemics of the present day, by Prince Albert de Broglie, which will repay attention, and which indicates the tone of thought of an important portion of French Catholic society. The same number has also a clever and discriminating article on Brownson, and a paper on Oscar de Redwitz, whose *Amaranth* was reviewed some time ago in the *Rambler*. We hope the new management will prosper; but we take the liberty of entreating its writers to let the Emperor alone. He is too powerful to be meddled with, without getting the worst in the fray. We cordially sympathise with the annoyance that Frenchmen must feel at his severe censorship of the press; but clearly it cannot be helped in the present state of France. Let not M. de Montalembert and his collaborateurs turn such wistful eyes on England. We can assure them that if there was the smallest danger that any man's writings would render the government of Victoria insecure, he would be silenced with an instantaneous severity at least equal to that which the Emperor finds necessary for his régime. It is not many years since the editor of a London newspaper—Leigh Hunt—was put into prison for two years for calling George IV. an "Adonis of sixty."

### Death.

On the 1st of March, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, in her twenty-ninth year, Sister Mary of St. Jane Frances de Chantal (Charlotte Thompson), professed on her deathbed. R. I. P.